

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 34.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

[Price 4d., Stamped 5d.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, LONDON.

12th February, 1859.

H. R. the Minister of the Netherlands has notified to the President and Council of the Royal Academy that an EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS will be held at the HAGUE in MAY next, to which the Artists of the United Kingdom are invited to contribute their Works. For particulars apply to Messrs. P. & D. COLNAGHI & Co., 11, Pall Mall East.

JOHN PESSEY KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

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PRESIDENT.—The Right Hon. the EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.

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WILLIAM HOLL, Hon. Sec.

CAVENARD SOCIETY. THE TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Members of this Society will be held at the Rooms of the Chemical Society in Burlington House, on TUESDAY, the 1st of MARCH, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, to receive the Report of the Council, and to elect the Council for the ensuing year.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

REVIEWS.

On Naval Warfare with Steam. By Gen. Sir Howard Douglas, Bart. (Murray.)

One of the inevitable consequences of progress is at last recognised. The necessity for an almost entire reconstruction of our navy in order to suit it to the exigencies of the modern motive power has been publicly admitted, and the author of the best work we have on naval gunnery has chosen a happy moment for coming before us with one on the changes in naval tactics rendered necessary by the introduction of steam. There is a general warlike set of public feeling everywhere; we have "tasted blood" before Sebastopol and among the rebel Sepoys, men talk freely of the more than possibility of an European war, Cherbourg is not yet forgotten, and across the Atlantic our young brother is increasing and strengthening his navy with views of which he makes no secret. What part the British navy, hitherto so redoubtable, is to play in the next grand collision of the powers or the "peoples," as Kosuth will call them, is a subject for much consideration amongst political and scientific speculators at home, as well as amongst envious Gauls, self-sufficient, or perhaps more courteously self-reliant, Yankees, and beery Germans abroad. The dreary article from the last quarter brought up the inevitable Napier, who has accorded it the meed of his general approbation, overlooking, it is to be supposed, a few such blunders and inconsistencies as a mistake of ten years in the date of one of our most famous new ships, the New Shannon, and the double statement, in two different places—one, that the secret of the English superiority over the French in the last war was to be found in the better wood of which the ships of the former were built, and which, though riddled through and through by the French guns, would not sink; and the other, that the French were beaten because they would not fire on our hulls but directed their artillery at the masts and rigging alone: these are but specimens. The Report of the Secretary of the United States navy was a document of far more solid information and reasoning, and well worthy of perusal, as are also some recent articles on the comparative naval armaments of the leading powers which have appeared in one of the New York papers, and this, notwithstanding that the writer of the latter falls into the wonderful error of stating the French gunboats at nearly seven times their actual number.

Some consideration of the opinions and anticipations of other nations on the subject of the future of our navy, especially in reference to that of our French neighbours, is far from out of place in noticing such a work as that before us, for not only is it the merest postulate that the naval armament of the first maritime power in the world must be kept in a state of efficiency superior to that of any other nation, but it is a necessary consequence that any work treating on the subject must enter at some length on a comparison of the state of this most important branch of our resources with the corresponding means of France and other powers. This the author does pretty largely, and in general as it seems to us impartially. In the introduction, however, which pleases us least of all the work, he seems to go out of

his way very unnecessarily to justify the enormous additions to and improvements in the French navy introduced by the present emperor. His argument is that a great nation like France has a perfect right to make to herself a great navy. Possibly; and her neighbours we imagine have also perfect right to inquire what she wants a great navy for. What is the extent of her own seaboard, what the extent and distance of her colonies? A country like ours own whose colonial possessions are not only of vast extent, but spread and "dotted" all over the face of the earth, whose mercantile shipping sails on all seas and enters every port, requires as the merest necessary of (national) life a stupendous navy. But France has no such requirements, or at best requirements not worth naming, and her only excuse for preparing an enormous and well-appointed fleet must be that she may not be quite so exceedingly well beaten on the sea next war as she was in the last; in other words, that she is getting ready for an European war. We are sorry to find a British officer turning apologist for a proceeding, the meaning of which, we suppose, is as little misunderstood all over Europe as its originator cares that it should be.

The first section of the work before us might with propriety be called a sketch of the rise and progress of steam navigation, for it begins with the days of Watt and of the two often-quoted steamboats which plied on the Forth and Clyde in 1812, and brings us down through the history of all the principal improvements of the last half century to the age of the indicator and the dynamometer, of the Great Eastern and the New Shannon. In the course of this sketch we are naturally supplied with much scientific information on the principles and details of the numerous contrivances and inventions which successive generations have called into existence for rendering the motive machinery of steam-vessels, whether fitted with wheels or screw, efficient for its object, as well as for obviating the numerous defects and dangers which experience has from time to time detected. Naturally, also, the question of the comparative advantages of paddle wheels and screw receive a large share of attention, and, writing exclusively on war steamers, the author comes decidedly to a conclusion in favour of the latter, though he is by no means blind to certain grave disadvantages which it possesses. Paddle wheels, however, for many obvious reasons he condemns. Their floats may, it is true, take a greater hold of the water than the fan of the screw, and the much slower rate of speed at which it is necessary for their shaft to revolve may avoid much of the wear and tear of the screw's shaft; but in sailing he observes that nothing can ever get rid of the vast surface exposed to the wind by the paddle-boxes, and the consequent impediment to the vessel's progress against a head wind, and the depression of one side and unequal immersion of the wheels when the wind is on the beam, whilst in action a considerable portion of the battery on each side is interrupted and the propelling power exposed to the enemy's shot. This last argument, which in theory would seem sufficient of itself to decide the question of the relative advantages of wheel and screw, has, however, some curious light thrown on it by the statement that in point of fact the paddlewheels of ships in action, though the opportunities of testing have not been very numerous, have escaped in an almost incredible manner, shot

after shot having passed through the wheel without breaking spoke or float. The screw, however, from the circumstances of its being buried in the water, of the machinery being placed quite down in the bottom of the ship out of reach of shot, and of its leaving the whole of both broadsides as open and uninterrupted as in sailing ships, presents elements of uncontested superiority over the paddle for fighting vessels. It, however, as the author points out, is open to some very grave and somewhat perilous drawbacks. The first and most serious which he notices is what is technically called the "shake," that is, the vibration caused by the revolution of the screw and shaft at the tremendous speed necessary in this species of locomotion, and that too in the after part of the ship, which, notwithstanding modern improvements, is still the weakest part of her frame. In smooth water this vibration is very marked and unpleasant, and what it becomes in rough weather, when the pitching of the vessel across the long ocean waves brings the screw ever and anon bodily out of the water and sets it spinning in the air with frightful velocity, any one who has crossed the Atlantic in a screw steamer can readily testify. Indeed it is notoriously one of the regulation yarns with which the old salts are wont to amuse themselves at the expense of the new comers, to amaze the latter with fearful accounts of how some ungovernable screw did in the middle of a hurricane run away with its ship and "tear the stern out of her."

Next to the "shake," the author notices the very common inconvenience of "fouling," and mentions several remarkable instances of ropes or floating substances becoming so entangled in the screw, as not only to render the latter useless, but to require the greatest care and ingenuity to detach the snarl. When it is recollect that in action this danger must necessarily be increased twenty-fold by the wreck of shot-away rigging, with which the water is sure to be covered, it will be seen that this objection assumes a formidable aspect. The second leads to the third. The necessity of getting at the screw when requisite, for the purpose of cutting away anything foul of it, of taking it out of the water whilst the vessel is under canvas only, or of effecting any other object of repair or alteration, has hitherto been met by erecting a sort of well called a "trunk" over the screw, through which it can be hauled up when needed, and this trunk, as the author shows, and illustrates his remarks with a diagram very easily understood, interferes very seriously with the steering apparatus.

Such are the three principal difficulties against which the screw propeller has to contend, and to overcome each of which scientific men, and our author among them, are exercising their ingenuity. The latter, however, remarks, and it is impossible not to concur heartily with him, that the whole science of screw propulsion is but in its infancy, at any rate its grammar is not yet written, and what we do know of it we have attained rather by means of experience and accident than by calculation and forethought. One instance only: accident discovered that a greater speed can be got out of a single fan than out of the old-fashioned twice-round worm. How long would it have been before scientific calculation worked out that fact?

The second section of the work is devoted to the consideration of the alterations in naval tactics rendered necessary by the in-

troduction of steam and the consequent construction of a steam navy. On this point the author is a very "root and branch" man. He is for a clean sweep of Paul Hoste and all his followers, improvers, and imitators, of the weather gage dear to Nelson and Collingwood, as well as to all readers of nautical romances; may he would abolish "starboard" and "port" themselves, our present code of signals, and almost everything in short which in these naval matters has seemed to us an institution coeval with the navy itself; and would start and manoeuvre fleets supplied with the new motive power on principles and with a code of signals and phrases as new as the power itself, or newer.

The principles suggested by the author for the future government of our naval tactics are borrowed from those of the field, just as he shows these latter to be derived from the leading principles of fortification. In the case of fortification the ancient principle of a straight wall by degrees gave way to that of one of angular construction, so arranged as that each part covers the other, and nothing can approach without being exposed to a cross fire. The same principle the author explains to have been for some time adopted in field tactics, and he would extend it now to the manoeuvring of ships of war as well. Of all the six orders of sailing laid down by that established ancient authority, Paul Hoste, and most of which consist of one or other arrangement of the fleet on a straight line, not one would be retained in its integrity, and the semblance of but one continued—that technically called "on two lines of bearing," which bears in truth some resemblance to the fortification principle already alluded to. In their place we should have fleets drawn up in line like bastions and ravelins, or in columns with support and so forth, and deploying and manoeuvring with the same regularity and on precisely the same principles as regiments on a field of battle. The author gives a number of diagrams illustrating the various novel positions and evolutions he suggests, and describes at some length the nature and advantages of the manoeuvres indicated—in the absence of the diagrams, however, it is difficult to describe these intelligibly, and it will be merely necessary to explain that the form called the "Echelon" seems generally to supply the fundamental rule, and that they all proceed upon the pre-supposition that a steam squadron will be always under perfect control and in condition to proceed in any direction by signal, wholly independent of the fundamental condition of the old "orders"—a wind. Not that he would lose sight of this useful auxiliary altogether, but regard it, as in point of fact it must henceforth be content to become in naval engagements, as the resource of disabled machinery, disabled either by shot or, as will probably be far more frequently the case, by fouling floating wreck.

That our men-of-war will be able to dispense with their sailing apparatus altogether is impossible, at least until science shall invent some fuel which will stow into a much smaller space than coal or coke, for no ship we have can carry more than enough for nine days "steaming at full power." This circumstance introduces another distinct element in our future naval tactics, namely, the provision for a regular supply of fresh fuel by means of a system of coaling stations and steam colliers—a branch of the subject which, considering the extent over which our next

naval operations may chance to be spread, seems alone worthy of a separate consideration of no mean order.

There are so many novel features which the new tactics present both of advantage and the reverse, that it is impossible even to glance at them here. Sir Howard notices them in order very carefully, and offers many valuable suggestions, rather, as it seems to us, as hints or outlines for others to work from, than as pretending to dispose of the questions altogether or near it. Among them, apropos of the question between liners and gun boats, so much under discussion at this moment, he calls our attention to the unsteadiness—notorious to every seaman—of a vessel not under canvas. Under no future circumstances therefore, except where some amount of sail can be kept set, will it be possible, with even a moderate sea running, to expect the precision of aim attained in sailing ships. And, as the shorter the vessel the greater the motion, what are we to say of the picture, so constantly paraded before our eyes now-a-days, of a tiny gunboat with her one or two monster guns, lying from three to five miles away and gradually demolishing, by single long shots, the huge targets presented by a 90-gun ship, and completing its task long before the monster could come within range to use her own guns, and even then escaping by the extreme minuteness of object which this "speck on the water" would present? To say nothing of the perfect ease with which any piece of ordnance with which a gunboat can be armed could be mounted on the forecastle of any man-of-war, it may be asked in what sort of water and with what sort of weather will any "tiny" gunboat be ever capable of being kept still enough to make good—even tolerable—practice at the distance indicated; and whenever the larger ship did get within range, how long, one may further ask, would "the speck on the water" be able to run the gauntlet of a succession of concentrated broadsides delivered by from forty to sixty skilful gunners at once, and fired from a body at comparative rest, and a very moderate per centage of which would speedily wipe out the "speck" altogether?

So far from abolishing the larger class of men-of-war, Sir Howard seems to look on them as the most prominent and important feature in our future naval evolutions in deep water, but for this purpose he advocates a far larger military force on board each, making in fact the military the principal ingredient in the manning of our navy, and furnishing our ships with some apparatus analogous to that in use in mediæval sieges, whereby a broad drawbridge might be suddenly shot across to a neighbouring ship, and the word of command "fix bayonets and charge," supersede the old "boarders away."

Into how many of his speculations and theories it may be safe to follow the author it is not easy to say. We are treading here on almost unknown ground, and experience shows that experience itself is after all the only safe test of theories, however accurately demonstrable. One of his calculations, however, we most heartily endorse, and will pledge ourselves for its turning out correct to the letter. The "audacity," as he happily styles it, of British officers and seamen,—that audacity of which the foreign tacticians so often complained as most irregularly beating down the established regulations,—has over and over again sailed stem on through a raking fire right up to the enemy's broadsides, as at Trafalgar, in

defiance of all known rules and tactics, and won the day. Sir Howard thinks it a mistake to suppose "that the new system of naval warfare will put an end to that bold, resolute, and audacious mode of action, which was the wont of the British navy." We think so too.

The appendix contains a list of the British steam navy, as well as of the naval armaments of all the great powers, France, Austria, Russia, United States, &c., well worthy of attention at the present crisis.

History of France. From the Earliest Times to 1848. By the Rev. James White. (Blackwood & Sons.)

A CONDENSED history of France, from the invasion of Gaul by Caesar to the revolution of February, the flight of Louis Philippe, and the Republic of Rollin, Lamartine, and Blanc, suggests at first sight the gloomiest forebodings to the mind of the student. Twenty centuries, more or less, in about 600 pages; the contents of whole libraries compressed within the boards of a volume, convenient to handle, and not too heavy to hold; weighty matter claiming the study of many years, brought down to a fortnight's or a month's reading—all these are recommendations which experience has taught us to consider with suspicion and alarm. Condensation in the hands of those that hitherto practised it has commonly proved a snare and a delusion. We have no lack of condensed editions of abstracts, summaries, and brief outlines; but, the outlines are what the scaffolding of a house is to the complete and habitable mansion, or the skeleton with sinews and arteries carefully dried and injected, to the living, breathing human form; while the summaries with their repetitions of what everybody cannot help knowing and their omission of all else, remind us of that famous Yankee summary—"It is not new, and it is not true, and it doesn't much matter," which so expeditiously disposes of all that can be learnt or known. Justice to historians is dealt out with a very uneven hand. The leading writers of the day, the authors of histories of England under the Stuarts and the Tudors, of Rome or of Normandy, are the observed of all observers; all their statements are carefully sifted, all their facts, if disputable, are disputed; quarterly and monthly reviewers do their best or their worst, as the case may be; and the attack of the line is followed up by the Old Guard of pamphleteers. But the minor works—books of small bulk and cost, written for and accessible to the masses, that is to say, to men of business, country gentlemen, women, and young men—are either not noticed at all, or are at once handed over to the reading public with the ready and convenient terms of a stereotyped commendation. Be they dry as bones, or wordy to the degree of Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," be they mere catalogues of names and dates, or twaddling comments on some favourite and hackneyed man or period; no matter, they are at once committed to the outer circle of readers, and the impression they create is most painful and discouraging. They deaden instead of quickening the instinctive taste for historical studies; they surfeit with indigestible or nauseous matter our innate appetite for knowledge, and in too many instances they complete that system of gilding and veneer, which appears to be the chief aim and object of what is called superior education. The instinctive pre-

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justice against cheap handbooks is amply justified by the dreariness, the insufficiency, and the shallow mediocrity of this class of publications.

Mr. White's "History of France," like his "Eighteen Christian Centuries," is a brilliant exception to a bad rule. He shows that it is possible for a man of high erudition to write history in a manner appreciable by, and interesting to, the great majority of his countrymen; and that the contents of whole libraries may be compressed into a single volume of concise, readable, rapid, and yet suggestive narration; that a writer, so he be of the right sort, and willing to take trouble, may be laconic without adopting the style of a railway guide, and argumentative without imitating the sermons which charm the faithful in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle. He shows further how a work originally intended to aid and direct the studies of young men and women, may become interesting and important to persons of a riper age, and that of all historical books, the one which most fully satisfies the demands of the statesman, the artist, and the critic, is also most fit, to at once satisfy and stimulate the craving for healthy knowledge, which is so striking, and, if properly directed, so hopeful a characteristic of youth. Mr. White shows all this, not by a wearisome introductory essay—his preface would hardly fill a page—but by the work itself; by the simplicity, the smoothness, the pregnant conciseness of his manner; by his kind, generous, and manly feeling, and above all, by the strict impartiality which pervades every line of his "History of France." His work "aims at something higher than a mere epitome, for it founds itself on a great deal of various reading, and gives results rather than abstracts. At the same time it devotes sufficient space to any occurrences which have a general bearing on the progress or character of the French nation. But it does not profess to be very minute in its record of trifling or unimportant occurrences, nor philosophic in searching out the causes of obscure events." Such is his programme, and very rarely indeed have the good intentions of an author so fully, so literally been embodied in his work.

Mr. White is aware of the fact, that in spite of the events of the last few years, which, if they have not endeared the French nation to us, have at least tended to make us respect them, there is still a leaven of our old insular arrogance in the innermost chambers of many hearts. He felt that to make the history of France a subject worthy of study, the learner's mind must be free from all obsolete feelings of this kind, and in the very first pages of his book he strives, in a most amiable manner, to bring his readers into the proper frame of mind for the work. He reminds them in short and telling words of the fact that in all the departments of intellectual exertion the French hold a foremost place; that if they have no Newton, no Locke, nor Shakespeare, they have many philosophers and many poets; that "the fleur-de-lis and the tricolor have waved in many a glorious field, and that the elegances of life and the charms of manner" were never so successfully cultivated by any other nation. Thus much established, the young British reader is by implication made to understand that any hankering to prejudice he may entertain against the French are not only absurd and unjust, but also obsolete and old-fashioned in the year of grace 1859:

"Some years ago it would have been an unexampled stretch of liberality to have confessed that France had any good qualities at all. We were in the habit of wrapping ourselves up very comfortably in the folds of our own conceit, and looking down on the rest of mankind as a very inferior race of mortals. We took the additional precaution of maintaining our own superiority by calling our neighbours by the most insulting names. We pictured them as the most ludicrous imitations of humanity, as if one of Nature's journeymen had made the Frenchman and not made him well."

Strictly in keeping with the old anecdote of the Yorkshire lad, who called out, "Mother, I've seen a Frenchman!" To whom the mother replied, "Hush, child! don't laugh. He can't help it, you know; God the Lord made him so!" "S'è non e vero è ben trovato," as Mr. White shows:

"He was a lean, half-starved, lanky-legged creature, looking in hopeless despair, with watery mouth and bleared eyes, at a round of English beef. His attitudes were grotesque, his language even became immensely amusing because he did not speak our tongue with the slang of a hackney-coachman and the pronunciation of a cockney. We called him Jack Frog, because we believed he fed on those unsubstantial animals, which we fancied the exact image of himself in hoplessness of motion and yellowness of skin. His cowardice was unvarying. The Englishman was always equal to half-a-dozen of the 'Mounseers,' and, in short, we were a most unjust, narrow-minded, pudding-headed set of self-gloryifiers, adding to the insulation that belongs to the whole nation in right of its four seas, the still more separating insularity of our own individual opinions."

So much for Mr. White's manner. As an instance of his impartiality we select his account of two events which, of all others, are most trying to the ordinary historian, namely, the murder of the Turks and the poisoning of the French invalids at Jaffa:

"The fate of a town taken by assault is too well known to attract any particular consideration, if it is unaccompanied by circumstances of unusual barbarity. While the conflict lasts, or before discipline can be re-established, no life is safe; but after the first burst of wrong the perpetration of murder or robbery becomes a crime. At Jaffa it was the policy of Buonaparte to strike with terror; and he gave up to indiscriminate destruction every inhabitant of the devoted town. Five hundred Turkish prisoners were killed in cold blood, and the peaceful citizens were ruthlessly slain. The slaughter lasted for two whole days, and the general-in-chief ordered it to continue. This sanguinary act brought its legitimate punishment. The corpses of men, women, and children encumbered the streets, and their reeking blood ascended to heaven, and came down upon their murderers in the shape of pestilence. The French army was stricken down; and though the general endeared himself more than ever to his men by visiting the hospital wards, and touching the hideous swellings which characterise the disease with his hands, nothing would reanimate their courage. The remembrance of their suffering companions in the lazaretto at Jaffa paralysed the assailants of Acre; and when the siege was raised, and the French were forced to evacuate Syria and find refuge in Egypt, those plague-struck soldiers embarrassed the commander more than all the rest. Some he sent by sea to Damietta, others to Gaza by land. But with the remainder, seventy or eighty, lying helplessly on their beds, expecting to die, incapable of being moved, with no sufficient force for their protection, what was to be done? He ordered the doctors to prepare a soporific draught which would easily end their pains, and though one of the physicians refused the office, some others obeyed. The patients drank the medicine, and never woke again."

Mr. White admits in the plainest of terms, that "these were two dreadful crimes against

humanity and Christian feeling;" but instead of demonstrating his own virtue by a violent denunciation of the crime and its perpetrator, as most commonplace historians are in the habit of doing, he at once records the defence of Napoleon's conduct from the speeches and writings of his admirers and adherents, who allege:

"That war is not a Christian or humane operation at all, and that there are cases in which a massacre like that of the Turks at Jaffa may be really a work of necessity, and a murder like that of his own countrymen an act of mercy. The prisoners, they say, were too numerous to be guarded, as the detachments necessary for this purpose would have exposed the whole army to great risk. If, on the other hand, they were dismissed, they were certain to join the enemy and increase his already great numerical superiority. They were therefore slain, not cruelly or unnecessarily, but that they might not weaken Napoleon nor strengthen Djezzar Pasha.

"The poisoning of his countrymen is placed on different ground. The infuriated enemy, savage and relentless, were in full advance. It was out of his power to retain the town. The sick would be slain, not with sword or gun, but with tortures of the most intolerable kind. Their lives were already despaired of; was their death to be agonised and dreadful? A slight overdose of opium, and they were beyond the reach of Turkish cruelty. If he were himself in their place, could there be a doubt of the choice he would make between peaceful slumber and a tortured end? These were the defences urged by his friends, and by himself in his conversations at St. Helena. We cannot judge of military necessities; but ere we let the curtain fall upon these frightful departures from the code of ordinary morals, let us give the unhappy director of them the benefit of the fact, that they are the principal instances of personal cruelty adduced against him; and that with regard to the massacre, it raised him in the estimation of the Egyptians, and with regard to the poisoning, it did not lower him in the affection of his men."

Mr. White's "History of France," as it is not the first, so we hope it will not be the last of his admirable attempts to make history attractive, profitable, and popular, and we therefore venture to suggest an improvement, which may be best described as a mechanical one, to his future editions, or similar works. Among the few sensible sayings which are recorded of George III., there is one to the effect that no one knows the law: and the difference between lawyers and ordinary men is, that lawyers know where to find the law, while the usual run of people have no idea where to look for it. Something of the kind holds good with respect to other branches of learning. The man who knows where to find information when he wants it, has measured two-thirds of the road to learning. Mr. White thinks it an object of legitimate ambition to "give information to youthful students, and to induce them to search in other quarters for more." He would greatly promote that object were the future editions of his works to have an additional page or two, containing a list of books which he would recommend for the perusal of the studious among his readers.

A Contribution to the Sanitary History of the British Army during the Late War with Russia. (Harrison & Sons.)

Our readers may perhaps have observed a short paragraph in the *Times* a few days ago, calling attention to a work published under the superintendence of Dr. Andrew Smith, Director-General of Hospitals, and entitled, "A Medical and Surgical History

of the British Army which served in Turkey and in the Crimea during the War against Russia in the years 1854, 1855, and 1856." In the work now before us it is proposed by the author "to give briefly the sanitary results of the whole, with the lessons deducible from them." To that end three tables have been drawn up by Dr. Farr, with great care and minuteness, based upon the tables of Dr. Smith, which are here quoted, and also "from other official documents presented to Parliament." The first table includes the admissions to hospital, the deaths in hospital, and the proportion of each to the entire force, from April, 1854, to June, 1856. By this table we find that the mortality of our Crimean army had reached its culminating point in the month of January, 1855, when the longest and severest frost known for twenty years was just setting in in this country. The admissions to hospital were also more numerous during the same month than any other. In February the deaths had decreased by about 600. But in March they had fallen more than a thousand, an improvement probably in great measure due to the arrival of the warm clothing and other comforts from England, which were so liberally contributed by the public. In April a still further decrease to the extent of between eight and nine hundred took place. And from that time to its departure, with the exception of a single month (June, '55), when the assault on the Redan and the cholera together ran the figures up to nearly the winter point, the health of the army steadily improved, till in the last month of all only six men died in hospital. From Table II. we are enabled to observe that a singularly small proportion of men appear to have died of wounds received in battle. Thus in the month of September, 1854, in which the Battle of the Alma was fought, out of 939 deaths in hospital only 81 were from wounds, and in October, out of 763 deaths, only 132. Even in November, on the 5th of which month occurred the sanguinary victory of Inkermann, and by which time the trenches were opened, there were only 287 out of a total of more than 1200 who perished of their wounds. Throughout the tables the same proportion is noticeable. But we are not informed whether it was because the majority of the wounded were cured in hospital, or because they were never brought there, which is the more likely explanation of the fact. This indeed is the only defect we have observed in the present publication; the desire to avoid prolixity has certainly betrayed the author into the opposite extreme, and he has assumed the possession of more knowledge by his readers than he was justified in doing. In Table III., for instance, which gives an "analysis of the weekly states of sick and wounded from October, 1, 1854, to June 20, 1855, in the hospitals of the Bosphorus," we find it stated in one column that between the 1st and the 14th of October there were in hospital 1993 sick, and in another column that the "cases treated" were 590. Does this mean that the remaining 1403 received no medical attention? We think that a note ought to have been appended to this table, as well as to the others, for the purpose of making them more intelligible to the general public.

After the three tables come three ingeniously constructed diagrams consisting of small circles with wedges radiating from them, and showing the comparative mortality of the army and that of Manchester on the one hand, and of the unhealthiest town

in England on the other; and also the mortality of each month. In one of the diagrams the wedges are coloured red, blue, and black to denote the mortality from wounds, from zymotic diseases, and from any other cause respectively. It would be difficult, we think, to name any other work in which such pregnant statistics are compressed into so narrow a compass.

The letter-press is equally condensed, and almost equally interesting. The author has brought to light a curious discrepancy between the Adjutant's return of burials and the medical officer's return of deaths, the former considerably exceeding the latter; by which it appears that "hundreds of our brave soldiers perished, in regard to whom neither the when, the where, nor the how will ever be known." And he goes so far as to assert that the medical officers subsequently "cooked" their statistics in order to make the two accounts square. The author's general account of "Crimean mismanagement" is summed up as follows:

"It has been stated that the siege of Sevastopol was undertaken by an army unprepared for lengthened military operations. Nothing had been organised, either for sheltering, clothing, or feeding the troops. No scheme of diet or ration appears to have been intelligently considered; and no transport was organised either for bringing supplies, or carrying away sick. An admirable basis of operations was secured by the possession of Balaklava; but it never appears to have been considered practicable to connect the base with the camp, by a passable road. The fierce winter of the Russian steppe swept over the scene of military operations, and found the men unsheltered from its blasts. Blankets and clothing were piled up at Balaklava, while men were perishing from cold and frost-bite, six miles off, without any arrangements for either obtaining or transporting that covering, for the lack of which they were perishing. The Commissariat had thousands of cattle, its own property, in Turkey, and the hills of Asia Minor teemed with stock, at some thirty hours' distance by steam-ship; and yet the department was unable to bring over its own cattle, or to purchase supplies, any amount of which could have been at once obtained. Fortunately, the Commissariat had at its disposal salt beef and biscuit; otherwise the army might have perished with hunger. Unfortunately, it did not supply any other food, and the army all but perished with scurbutus. But this was not the worst; there was the greatest difficulty in conveying the salt beef and biscuit to the front, and even when it had arrived there, there were neither camp-kettles nor fuel to cook it with, although any quantity of wood and coal might have been obtained, as it afterwards was obtained, from the opposite shores of Asia Minor, by merely sending for it.

"Another of the notable expedients of that time must not pass without record, that of sending out green coffee to men who had nothing whatever to roast or prepare it with. It was the crowning touch in that system of mismanagement which has lowered the prestige of England, and which almost cost her her fair name."

We must, however, caution our readers against deducing conclusions from this statement, which subsequent information has shown to be erroneous. The two deficiencies which lay at the root of all this suffering were want of transport, and want of labour or fatigue parties. Land transport there was none, and without that even the scanty supplies of wood and cattle brought into the harbour of Balaklava by the very few available vessels could not be conveyed to camp. The country in its immediate neighbourhood had been denuded of all its wood for purposes of fuel, and when that was exhausted, the same

difficulty arose in procuring more, as arose in obtaining timber for the huts. Very little could be brought from a distance owing to the paucity of vessels, and little or none could be carried to camp for want of land transport. The adjutant-general was totally unable to spare "fatigue parties," and the hired labourers, who were tried for a time, died off so rapidly that the work they performed did not compensate for the extra labour of their burial. So that it is all very well to say that "wood and coal could have been got by merely sending for it." The sending for it was just what could not be accomplished. And even that was not all, for if a whole fleet of transports had been at the service of the troops, they could have brought the supplies no further than Balaklava, as we have already said, and to get it up from the harbour to the heights was a work of insuperable difficulty till more human labour was attainable, and roads could be constructed. Hence it is easy to see that the public indignation about the "green coffee" has been unnecessarily exasperated, for if the men could have boiled their coffee they could also have roasted it. With regard again to the issue of clothing, the Commissioners themselves acknowledged that the mismanagement did not seem to rest on the Quarter-master General's department, and that officer has himself proved incontestably that it was not the Commissary-general who was in fault. Who was then? The answer is a very simple one. Those who left Lord Raglan no alternative but to undertake with a mere "moveable column," what nothing but a regularly equipped army ought to have undertaken. In the receipt of orders, which he did not suppose to admit of qualification, to make the stronghold of the Euxine the leading object of attack, he saw clearly that there were two points to be primarily looked to, the one resulting from the condition of the fortress, the other from the lateness of the season. The first was to reach Sebastopol before the Russians should have time to prepare for their defence; the second to capture it at all events before the arrival of winter. Hence the urgency with which he pressed the Crimean expedition on his colleagues; his desire to create as great a panic as possible among the Russians at the Alma, and to annoy and disorder them in every possible way; the vigour with which he pushed on the bombardment of Sebastopol in October; the zeal which he manifested for the pursuit of the Russians at Inkermann; and the advice which he gave to assault the town directly afterwards. This was the true way to have avoided the horrors of a Crimean winter, which became inevitable after it was determined to winter on the plateau with a force altogether unprepared for such an emergency. Lord Raglan, as is known, was thwarted in his intention by our allies, and he then took measures for making the best of a bad job. But what could be done in the middle of November towards averting the severities of December and January? We have already pointed out the want of transport on the spot. But pressing requisitions were also sent to England, which it was found impossible to comply with in time to render them available for the required purpose. Unnecessary delays did however certainly occur in this country. But we honestly believe the Crimean officials did their best, though they were made the scapegoats to bear the burden of men high in office.

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We have thought it only proper to remind our readers of the defence which those gentlemen set up—in our opinion a valid defence. But we must also add that the author of the work before us has most laudably abstained from fixing the blame upon any person or persons, and has contented himself with a recapitulation of facts which it is in man's power to exaggerate.

Social Innovators and their Schemes. By William Lucas Sargent, Author of "The Science of Social Opulence." (Smith & Elder.)

The social innovators noticed by Mr. Sargent are, characteristically enough, all Frenchmen. A Frenchman is nothing if not logical. On every conceivable subject of human thought almost, he has scheme or system more or less elaborate and complete. His thoughts spontaneously assume a dialectic shape. His feelings run naturally into formulas, and his life, with all his vivacity and caprice, is at bottom but the expression, often the severe expression, of some intellectual dogma. He has a fatal consistency of nature which irresistibly leads him to realise, or attempt to realise, his thought. In a word, he is the victim of his ideas. "So much the worse for the facts," is the pithy judgment in which his contempt for experience is briefly, but at the same time fairly summed up. Nothing is so remorseless, nothing so extreme, nothing so revolutionary as logic, and the typical Frenchman is, as we have said, pre-eminently logical. This is the explanation of the innumerable revolutions that have, within the last half century, so repeatedly changed the political condition of France. They all have a logical root, some favourite idea, which is expanded into a faultless system. The working of the same law is apparent in the social, as well as in the political life of Frenchmen. Their social feelings must of necessity take a scientific form. And philanthropy being the characteristic feature of the age naturally becomes, to a Frenchman, the object of minute and systematic elaboration. He becomes at once a social innovator, and has his favourite scheme. During the last half century many such social schemes or systems have appeared, several of which have obtained considerable notoriety. Of these the author of the work before us has selected five: those of Saint Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and Emile de Girardin.

The schemes of these social innovators Mr. Sargent undertakes briefly to expound and refute. This task he executes in a simple and sufficiently creditable manner; but we have our doubts whether it was worth doing at all. So far as the exposition is concerned, it is necessarily too meagre to give anything like an adequate notion of the theories expounded. For those who are familiar with them Mr. Sargent's outline is useless, and for those who are not it is insufficient. And any formal refutation of these theories is quite unnecessary in this country. Englishmen are not the least likely to be led away by them. They have indeed views and feelings on social subjects; they have benevolent schemes and pet projects for the improvement of the people; social science is talked about a good deal in this country; and we are inundated with plans and suggestions in the direction of industrial reform. But these are not at all like those of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel. Instead of being wide, abstract, and theore-

tical, they are narrow, concrete, and practical. In our efforts towards social improvements we begin with the fact rather than the idea; at some point in the circumference of reality rather than at the centre of speculation. True charity begins at home, and ours, it must be confessed, is a parish not an imperial philanthropy. Instead of attempting to regenerate the world we are satisfied with endeavouring to raise the condition of the lowest and most wretched classes of our own population. Not one of the theories that Mr. Sargent refutes could possibly find anything like general acceptance in this country. A few Englishmen, probably, are from time to time attracted to these schemes by the promise of social liberty and equality, of general happiness and prosperity which they hold out, but the great majority even of intelligent working men would be able to detect their fallacies and point out the impracticable nature of their provisions.

Mr. Sargent himself takes a rational, straightforward view of the questions connected with the organisation of labour and the relations between the employer and the employed. His sympathies and prepossessions are entirely in favour of the existing arrangements between capital and labour, not as being by any means free from defect or theoretically the best, but as in practice useful and advantageous to both. And he justly considers the elevation of the working classes to depend not so much on any fresh economical arrangements, any new organisation of labour, as on gradual improvements of the existing system, and especially of the moral and social condition of these classes themselves. And he concludes with a general reflection which if not very novel is at all events sound and cannot be too often repeated: "That the destiny of the working classes is principally in their own hands, and that without industry, frugality, and self-restraint on their part, no measures of government, no organisation of society can raise their condition; from which it follows that it is not to the direct action of legislation on wages and charitable relief, but to an improvement of the men themselves, that we must look for amelioration."

The French in Africa. By Laurence Trent Cave, late Captain in H.M. 54th Regiment. (Charles J. Skeet.)

A SOJOURN in Algeria in the year 1853, and "the pleasing recollections of the tour," suggested to Captain Cave, as we learn, his present work upon the occupation of the country by the French. But although he gently mentions Algiers, in his preface, as "now transformed from a congregation of narrow and dirty streets into a beautiful French town, containing every luxury and comfort;" although he speaks vaguely of its possible beneficial results as a "sanitary residence," and although he alludes to the "fair prospect of enjoyment" held out in Algeria and its neighbourhood to "the lover of antiquity and the sportsman," it is by no means any account of his tour, or its "pleasing recollections," or description of manners or scenery that he presents to his readers. It is simply, as he himself terms it, a "historical sketch" of the Regency from the remotest times to the present day. The French expedition, the French campaigns, and final occupation of that large portion of North Africa by French rule, of course fills the greater proportion of the volume. The author considers that although the "events

relating to the war in Algeria have already been laid before the public in a disconnected form, yet that "a short and popular account of it is yet wanting, and may not be without interest." In attempting to give this desideratum to the English public Captain Cave has certainly done his work exceedingly well. As a brief and succinct history, his tale is curtly and clearly told without affectation, and without any attempt at fine writing. He seems to think himself that "the conquest of the Regency is not sufficiently remote from our day to belong truly to the domain of history," and that "until the principal actors in it have passed away, access will probably not be obtained to the documents necessary for the attainment of a full and perfect narrative of that interesting war." We conceive, however, that in this respect the author has somewhat underrated the value of his own merchandise. As far as it goes, as a brief and compact history of one place and period, the book is altogether satisfactory. It is open only to those natural doubts, which must arise towards any book whatsoever, when a certain favourable pre-possession, and a certain bias of feeling with regard to one main point of which it treats, are so apparent throughout it. In such involuntary doubts we may be wholly mistaken. But seeming partiality so unavoidably engenders scepticism, that we are apt to run into the error, if error it be.

Captain Cave's book is altogether written in laudation of the French occupation of Algeria. He tells us at the very outset (p. 5) that "no international jealousies ought ever to interpose between the well-merited gratitude of every commercial country in Europe, and that nation which, without disturbing the balance of power, transferred the wilderness of banditti, which Algeria then was, into the centre of civilisation, which it seems destined at no distant period to become;" and as he has already, in his preface, hinted at "a certain jealousy, which still exists in this country (England) towards France, with respect to her Mediterranean acquisitions," we may presume that this earnest recommendation is especially addressed to ourselves; although we think that in alluding to a still-existing jealousy the author is again viewing the subject, as he does throughout, from a French point of view. A little further on he informs us (p. 10) that "the swarthy Arabs have ceased to despise the Roumi (Frank). Their natural intelligence has caused them to recognise in French laws and institutions a government paternal alike to all creeds and forms of faith: their own laws and rude justice have enabled them to grasp the meaning of that glorious birthright of the first French revolution, 'Equality before the law.' . . . They will respect the toleration, which permits all to worship according to the dictates of their conscience, and will be grateful to those who have established among their race a system of government founded on principles of justice and mercy." A tolerably pretty picture this of a "Happy Family!" But unwilling as we may be to allow the scepticism to which we have alluded to tone down so glowing a sketch, we cannot but think it slightly over-coloured by an evident bias. In winding up also (p. 242), the author congratulates the world upon the fact that "there is now, happily, no interruption to peaceful pursuits." "The progress of civilisation in these lands," he adds, "so long prostrate under Turkish rule, now steadily advances; and none can say into

what locality this effete race will next re-cede." Pity it is that, in illustration of the advantages to be derived to Algeria from this progress of civilisation, he should have concluded his book with an example, which a great part of Europe will repudiate as a just one. "Greece," he goes on to say, "has made such rapid strides since she relieved herself from bondage, has so lavishly shed her blood for freedom, restored her noble language, and nearly purged her kingdom of robbers, that it is not extravagant to expect that she may play an important part in the next step towards the regeneration of Moslem lands." Nothing unhappier than this illustration, we conceive, could have been devised.

It is very evident that Captain Cave has derived all his information from French sources, or from Frenchmen's mouths. We admit that it was natural, perhaps unavoidable, that he should have done so. But, at the same time, we thus account for the *couleur locale* of all his opinions, and the evidently French *fabrique* of the peculiar spectacles through which he views all around him. He offers especial thanks for the "useful information imparted" by Monsieur Latour Méraray, the Préfet of Algiers, "whose solicitude and consideration for the Arabs eminently qualified him for this important post;" nor do we in any way blame him for collecting his "useful information" from so excellent a source. He derives a great part of his statistical knowledge from the book of Monsieur Léon Galibert; but he seems to have derived at the same time opinions completely tinged with French colour, all of one hue. Quotations also from the military work of Count P. de Castellane, "*Souvenirs de la Vie Militaire en Afrique*," appear to have tended to the laying on, here and there, of a still thicker coat. Thus upon notes, culled from French, and, in some instances we must imagine, anti-English sources of information, Captain Cave has written us a book, excellent and very useful in its way, but marked strongly by French views and French opinions.

Of this nature are the allusions to the jealousy of England, the efforts of the English government to prevent the French expedition in the year 1830 (pp. 51, 52), and again (pp. 128, 129), the old accusation "endorsed by the illustrious name of Castellane, and universally credited in France," that "the English government assisted Abd-el-kader at times with money, ammunition, and officers." We are bound to say, however, that Captain Cave is too genuine an Englishman to allow this accusation to pass without a firm denial. He argues that no "sane government" would have "run the risk of compromising itself in so unprofitable a manner." He proves the impracticability of any such undertaking. "English arms and ammunition were no doubt used by the Arabs against the French," he says; although we imagined that *much* doubt still existed as to this oft-affirmed fact. He adds, however, "but it would be unreasonable to make the British government more responsible for the destination of their condemned stores, which are periodically sold, than for any other species of English merchandise. Traders of all nations, in seeking the best markets for their goods, notoriously disregard patriotic and international considerations."

In spite, however, of the evident tendency which bestows upon the book (most unjustly, probably, to the author's real intentions)

a suspicious air of French "puffing," he admits the comparative failure of France in her efforts at colonisation. "Artificial projects for furthering the colonisation of Algeria have not been successful." He says (p. 241), "with the exception of the Government officials, and some first-class shopkeepers in Algiers, few besides the refuse of society have been tempted there." He accounts for this in some measure by the fact, that "capitalists have even now not acquired that confidence in the future to induce them readily to invest money in the new colony, and, moreover, the advantages held out have not been sufficient to secure a good class of immigrants" (p. 10). The want of communication between the towns is likewise cited as a reason for failure—a reason which must appear, more or less, in the light of an accusation against the authorities. "The country will, no doubt," he considers (p. 242), "be great and prosperous," although, "owing to the probable absence of the precious metals, its growth will be gradual;" and he thinks (p. 10), that "were the truth propagated" relative to the fertility of the plains and the excellent qualities of the climate, "surely a few out of the many thousands who annually quit France, Germany, Italy, and our own shores for America and Australia, would, in preference to perpetual banishment from their native land, seek labour and a home in a country but at most a few days distant from their own." This is a topic we cannot now discuss. Those interested in the subject of emigration would do well to read Captain Cave's book, and seek out the various bits of information upon the advantages or disadvantages accruing to the settler in Algeria, which may be found dotted here and there upon its pages.

The author touches also on matters connected with the *Bureau Arabe*, the organisation of which he fully explains, and as a military man commends, which may be looked upon as a fair pendant to the accusations brought by French writers against our rule in India, and (not altogether unjustly) put forward as accounting, in one point of view, for the late revolt. In the working of the *Bureau Arabe* he admits (p. 225) that the judicial functions were frequently exercised in an imperfect manner. "Young and inexperienced officers," he says, "were often deputed to hear the causes, and occasionally exhibited a harshness in manner and language, towards the accused and witnesses, quite unjustifiable, and calculated to lower whatever opinion the native may have formed of his European conquerors;" whilst "gentleness and firmness," he argues, "may be so combined with firmness, that the latter quality loses none of its force, and violent and coarse bearing rarely betokens energy." In the same spirit he acknowledges also that, "as regards summary executions (which, however, have been of the most uncommon occurrence) it is to be feared that some officers have had recourse too precipitately to such extreme measures." He urges certainly that "a great allowance must be made for those who have had naught but their own resources to depend on in case of a revolt," and pleads that, in some cases, even greater rigour may have been necessary since "a summary execution might have prevented the necessity of an expedition, and thus have saved the lives of many French soldiers." But he owns that all has not been admirable on the French side of the question: and he unintentionally throws back into the

teeth of the French the same accusation with which they have stigmatised ourselves. The *tu quoque* is not always a misplaced argument.

It is chiefly, however, as a historical work that Captain Cave's book must be appreciated: though as regards a continuous narrative of facts, he has given the English public a book of valuable reference. The causes, arising primarily out of commercial squabbles and ending in the insult to the French consul, which led to the French expedition under the Count de Bourmont, are simply and clearly stated. The circumstances which led to the occupation and extension of territory are distinctly set forth; and the events of the various French campaigns in Africa are narrated with a soldier's precision, but without military pedantry or professional technicalities that might render the history otherwise than palatable to the general reader. Indeed, lucidity is one of the characteristics of the book. We know of no English work in which the native politics among the Arab tribes, their rivalries between themselves, and their relations to one another, are made so intelligible. In this respect, also, the alliance and subsequent enmity between Abd-el-Kader and Morocco, and the complications which led to the expedition against Morocco also on the part of France, are made matters of contemporaneous history, in which every reader will find information and interest. He is assisted also in the study by three excellent maps, by which the value of the work is much enhanced.

The Works of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, and Earl of Dorset. Edited by the Hon. and Rev. Reginald Sackville-West, M.A. (J. Russell Smith.)

IT is now some twenty-nine years since Memory, doubtless much to her satisfaction, was first informed by Mr. Tennyson how well she had done "in setting round her first experiment with royal framework of wrought gold." Had the students of our dramatic literature experienced a corresponding impulse, Mr. Sackville-West would not have claimed the distinction of first giving a correct and elegant edition of the oldest drama in the language—to which, by the way, he might advantageously have prefixed another Tennysonian motto, "Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay;"—so dearly, that it is very satisfactory to find that this "first essay" is no contemptible performance, but really has strong claims to attention besides those derived from its antiquity and priority. In reading it we have been a good deal reminded of that mother of all locomotives—Stephenson's "Rocket," placed by the piety of the men of Durham upon an honourable pedestal, and familiar in effigy to those who, like ourselves, rarely pass a stereoscopist's shop without a glance. Could we divest ourselves of the reverence due to the first practical application of the gigantic power which has made the world other than it was, we might feel disposed to describe the old machine as comical; certainly it has its weak points—queer wheels, an extraordinary funnel, a most complicated apparatus of rod and bars, decidedly unbeautiful, and of which it is difficult to conjecture the use. Nevertheless, it did its work, *it went*. So did Sackville's play. Artless and spasmodic as it seems, it was actually put upon the stage, and staid there. It held the attention

of Queen maids of went th lifetime. cannot be powerful. When should you would be era as h civilisatio with Sa show ho be dispense civilisatio feelings man, we no sub gentry compa rous ca vers admirals of the "Ferre concept rant st rough through classic himself is a use of the p and le like the total i but al society and ex this wi it so c plays can be similar long spea The vidual scribe prefix. "Fi during accom gentle chair kneel and of which and lu king w the kin diately carried and th that a clear, by an treasur indiscrec light flatt We talent A tra excite tion high desce write

of Queen Elizabeth, her courtiers, and her maids of honour. It pleased the people, and went through several editions in the author's lifetime. And, amid all its rudeness, we cannot be blind to the elements of a very powerful tragedy.

When, however, we speak of rudeness, we should wish not to be misunderstood. It would be absurd to speak of the Elizabethan era as behind our own in the essentials of civilisation. True, it wanted most of our comforts and luxuries, and, before parting with Sackville, we may have occasion to show how deficient a nobleman's house could then be in what some may consider the indispensables of existence. If, however, by civilisation be understood the possession of feelings and attainments proper to a gentleman, we can only hope that there has been no subsequent retrogression, and that the gentrified of the present day may not suffer by comparison with the picturesque adventurous cavaliers, finished scholars, fluent conversers in French, Italian, and Spanish, and admirable musicians who graced the court of the Maiden Queen. So far, indeed, from "Ferrex and Porrex" justifying the vulgar conception of our early drama as the ignorant striving of unpolished men to say fine rough things, that it has evidently suffered through the author's acquaintance with the classical dramatists, and effort to conform himself in all things to their example. There is a useless chorus, and the picturesqueness of the piece is sadly marred by the interpolation of a messenger—a personage suitable and legitimate enough in a drama which, like the Greek, should aim at producing a total impression of repose and acquiescence, but altogether obnoxious to the modern society whose prime craving is for action and excitement. It is, we are confident, this wilful exclusion of action which makes it so difficult to keep the classical French plays on the stage, except when a Rachel can be found to perform in them; and a similar error has made Sackville's play a long monopolylogue of the same person speaking under different masks.

The cause of this absence of dramatic individuality will be best understood if we transcribe one of the remarkable dumb shows prefixed to each act:

"First, the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage, a king, accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate provided for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up unto him a cup of wine in a glass, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman, and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear, and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art; so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, ne yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill-advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, &c."

We see by this how Sackville's dramatic talent struck upon the rock of moralising. A tragic poet who voluntarily postpones the excitement of pity and terror to the inculcation of moral or political truth, forfeits the high standing he might have claimed, and descends at once into the class of didactic writers. The extreme simplicity of the

means, too, by which he seeks to attain his object, may well provoke a smile, and alone justifies the applicability of the epithet "rude" to his poetry. It is indeed a sign of imperfect mastery of speech when the speaker has to resort to pantomime! This, however, proves nothing more than the infancy of dramatic art. As with artists, so with dramatists—the last thing to be learned is the distribution of light and shade. A man of Sackville's talent and reflective turn could not fail to be well stocked with thoughts and sentiments, especially on a subject of this nature; but he was evidently at a loss how to distribute them harmoniously through his play, or even how to introduce them there at all. Accordingly, all his good things are incoherencies—they lie remote, "like stars that dwell apart," or lumps of fat in a school pudding; and, after all, the author has to choose between throwing some of his fine things away, and condescending to exhibit them in dumb show. There is no gradation of character; each personage proclaims his type in the first speech he makes, and adheres faithful to it—constant as the pelican to her little ones. There is quite a Hindoo tenacity of caste among them—Joseph Surface is not more constant in moralising than Sackville's counsellor in counselling, his parasite in flattering, his princes in complaining, and all in prosing.

"The Mirror for Magistrates," which occupies the latter half of the volume, is more interesting from the boldness of its plan than the success of its execution. It was the first of the many ingenious attempts to remodel our poetry after the example of the Italian—the success of which would have ruined our literature, but whose failure has, at all events, left us a "Fairy Queen." Sackville's model was no other than Dante, in emulation of whom he undertakes a subterranean journey, and is rewarded by seeing all sorts of grisly personifications of diseases and evil passions, and receiving much sage political advice from "Off with his head, Buckingham," upon whose morality, as upon Robert Montgomery's Satan, a residence in Tartarus has obviously been attended with the most gratifying effects. Sackville here discontinued the poem, which was completed by other hands. Want of leisure was the reason assigned, but we rather surmise the fact to have been that he had told all he knew, and that his interest in his work died away of itself, when there were no more maxims left to verify. It would be unjust to deny, however, that this unsatisfactory performance contains many fine thoughts, and that one personification—old age—is striking in the extreme. The great master of English allegory may have thought upon this passage on sending Sackville his Fairy Queen, with a sonnet most harmoniously versified, and savoured with the most ingenious flattery. One would like to know Sackville's opinion of his successor—also whether the veteran dramatist ever descended to the playhouse in his grave official years, and if so, what he thought of a certain William Shakspeare.

We presume that Lord John Russell hardly expects to be remembered by *Don Carlos*, and in like manner his predecessor in the Treasury may feel a not unnatural surprise should he learn that his name has been preserved by his juvenile play, while his statescraft is totally forgotten. In fact, however, he would rather seem to have belonged to the respectable class whose honours are thrust upon them. He must,

indeed, have been an admirable man of business, the post he attained under so discerning a sovereign as Elizabeth of herself attests this—even were we without the corroboration of his clear and pointed letters. But he was evidently not one of the men who mould their age: he did his work well, earned his reward thoroughly, and was never in peril of the block in his life. His honesty, indeed, once involved him in a serious quarrel with the unscrupulous Leicester. Another of his dilemmas is more amusing and affords that illustration of the simplicity of an Elizabethan household, to which reference has already been made. We can imagine the sensation which would now-a-days be occasioned by a Cardinal's embracing Protestantism—the portent actually came to pass in the sixteenth century in the person of Cardinal de Coligni, brother of the famous Admiral, who soon found occasion to change his native air in consequence. Sackville was ordered to entertain him, his domestic resources proved totally inadequate to the demand, and his exculpatory letter reveals that the future Lord Treasurer "had no plate at all," that his "glasse vessell" was "to base," that he "could not by any menes in so short a time procure another bedsted for the bushop," that he had but one bason and ewer which "I lent to the Cardinall, and wanted myself," that the same state of things was predicable of the candlesticks, and that "fine shetes" had to be borrowed from "me Lord of Leicester." Elizabeth, to whose monopolies the backwardness of our manufactures was doubtless in large measure attributable, chose to be very angry, and ordered Sackville to leave his house, and place it entirely at the disposition of the Cardinal. He obeyed dutifully, of course, but if we must confess with Mr. Thackeray that

"We cannot certainly tell
If Jacob swaw and cust,"

we feel even less hesitation at adding with the same minstrel

"But we should think he must."

The editor has executed his task very well in everything that relates to Sackville's biography. His glossarial labours are less felicitous; we could have wished that the ink wasted on the exposition of such obvious words as *cliped*, *brast*, *pule*, had been spent in acquainting us with the signification of more obscure terms and expressions.

Sir Charles Bell, Histoire de sa Vie et de ses Travaux. Par Amédée Pichot. (Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères.)

We had occasion not very long ago to notice Monsieur Amédée Pichot's fancy sketches of Milton, Pope, Cowper, and Chatterton. As ideal portraits, based upon such historical pictures as fell into the author's hands, they were pleasant, and full of unusual truth of colouring. This time he has undertaken a far less ideal task, and given to the French reading public an excellent and substantial history of the life, the scientific career, and the admirable discoveries of one of the greatest English anatomists of modern, or, we may say, of all times. Strange to say, in a book which has necessarily a still greater value for English readers than for French, and which almost imperatively calls for the honours of translation, or, at all events, (to use the phrase of the day) of *adaptation* to English forms of literature, we do not

find upon the title-page the phrase, long since stereotyped in France, even upon works of the flimsiest merits and impossible translation, "Droits de reproduction et de traduction réservés." There are few works, however, proceeding from the modern French press which would appear with equal advantage under an English garb.

The history of the life and professional career of Sir Charles Bell has evidently been a labour of love to Monsieur Amédée Pichot. He is one of the very few French authors who have striven with conscientious zeal, and in a spirit devoid of prejudice and prepossession, to arrive at an accurate comprehension (a comprehension apparently extremely difficult to French nature) of England and the English. Since Monsieur Philaret Chasles, who in his writings upon English literature seemed more endowed with a right understanding of English society and English manners than any other French author of his time, we have met with no one who comes so near the mark of correctness as Monsieur Amédée Pichot. In his present work we have actually not stumbled upon one of those errors so common to foreigners, and sometimes apparently so wilfully perverse, relative to English titular appellations. Monsieur Amédée, who still floundered about on this slippery ground in his "*Poëtes Amoureux*," seems in his present book to have found his way out of the labyrinth of nomenclature, and to have mastered at length his difficult subject. So completely is the "labour of love" apparent throughout these excellent memoirs, that the author fancies himself called upon to deprecate the possible idea of his being an Anglomaniac (p. 124), when deciding in favour of the English man of science the vexed question between the great French surgeon, Magendie, and Sir Charles Bell, relative to the important discoveries claimed by the latter, and justly claimed, as to the organisation of the nervous system. Monsieur Flourens, in his eulogium of Magendie, pronounced before the French Academy of Science in February, 1855, seems to have endeavoured to divide the palm between the two great men, giving to Sir Charles Bell the honour of the priority of his discovery—to Monsieur Magendie, that of having completed it: "*Au premier l'idée mère, au second une analyse à la fois plus fine et plus développée, équivalant à une découverte nouvelle.*"

Monsieur Pichot contests in favour of his hero "*au moins l'antériorité de la découverte*;" but at the same time he takes a far wider view, in which he deprecates all national jealousies on the field of science. He contests very ably that discoveries in the inductive sciences are the final results of the successive labours of many experimentalists in all countries, and when some great discovery is made all rivalities of nationality play but a little part. "*La science est cosmopolite*," he says. "*Les progrès continuels augmentent le fonds commun, profitent à l'humanité tout entière, sans privilège de nationalité.*"

Educated himself for the medical profession, Monsieur Amédée Pichot, although not professedly a writer upon medical subjects, has had the advantage of being able to treat all the more technical portion of the subject with the due knowledge required for it. He has acquitted himself of the task, however, without professional pedantry, and with a lucidity which renders the pages, devoted to the researches and discoveries of Sir Charles Bell, and the necessary anatomical

disquisitions upon the main subject of the organisation of the nervous system, perfectly comprehensible to the non-professional and general reader. It was probably his own medical studies, joined to his peculiar specialty of treating English subjects, which induced him to put himself forward as the biographer of so distinguished a man of science.

But with all the advantages of professional education, the biographer had a task before him befitting only a man of varied acquirements and a widely grasping turn of mind. In Sir Charles Bell he had to view not only the man of science and the conceiver of one of the greatest discoveries of our times, but the psychologist as well as the physiologist—the philosophical reasoner—the artist and the author. The man who could write to the elder Rennie to demonstrate to him the utility of a knowledge of anatomy in his own province as an engineer, and to teach how the Almighty in human anatomy had read lessons to the constructor of bridges, arches, and all the other marvels of engineering—the man who employed his knowledge of the minutest structure of the human frame to instruct painters, poets, and actors in the "anatomy of expression"—the man who, as an artist and an illustrator, displayed acquirements so various, and who never sundered the study of psychology from the more direct branches of his profession, required a biographer of powers of appreciation as varied, and has found a worthy and able pen in the hands of Monsieur Amédée Pichot.

To professional reviewers must be left the task of appreciating the more immediately professional portions of the book. As a biographer the author has done his work in a manner which renders the "Life of Sir Charles Bell" one of continued interest. His episodical remarks upon men and manners, and the struggles of a professional career, are excellent. In this respect we find some pages upon Scotland and the Scotch (p. 19, *et seq.*), a picture of Edinburgh, its society, its men of mark, and its intestine scientific disputes, at the time when Charles Bell first studied and then lectured in the Edinburgh schools (p. 48, *et seq.*), and some now archaeological remarks upon the still existing national jealousies between Scotch and English, and their reciprocal feelings and positions, when he transferred his field of action to London in the year 1804, which may be read as admirable appreciations of a state of society, now almost forgotten except by our grandfathers, from the pen of an intelligent foreigner. Most interesting of all is the account of Bell's early career in London, his struggles and disappointments; but interesting also the narrative of his visit to the wounded of Waterloo, and of his travels towards the close of his life, not to omit the references to his physiological criticisms on art in Italy.

On the stage of the biography figure Dugald Stewart, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Joseph Banks, and many others of the great men of his day; whilst copious notes give us sketches of the opinions of the leading professionals of the time. Monsieur Amédée Pichot has thus not only written an excellent and interesting memoir of one of England's great illustrations, but filled a hiatus in our literature by sketching the life of one of our men of science, of whom too little account has been taken in our times. For this task were required, it is true, the combined qualities of the professional student, the

philosopher, and the experienced writer; and happily all have been found admirably united in Monsieur Amédée Pichot.

The Collected Songs of Charles Mackay.
With Illustrations by John Gilbert
(Routledge.)

The fact that this volume contains upwards of one hundred new songs by Charles Mackay, would have justified, according to the ethics of the day, a very much more pretentious form of publication. Paragraphs should have stolen mysteriously into the papers, or the information should have come through "Our London Correspondent," to the effect that it was understood that the most delightful lyrst of the day had a new volume nearly ready. Our own Correspondent aforesaid should not have been at liberty to "betray secrets," but might say that from having been indulged with a peep at proofs, he was sure that even those who had been prepared to be pleased would, in due time, find themselves enchanted. Then should have appeared in some favoured and grateful journal an extract from the forthcoming volume; next, a story of the presentation of an early and splendidly-bound copy to Prince Albert, or perhaps to Princess Beatrice, and then an advertisement that there must be a delay of a few days in the publication in consequence of the unprecedented demand for copies. Lastly, out should have come the book, but not in the modest guise and at the modest price of this volume, but in an edition *à la belle époque*, a thing to be carried to Philiis or Neera in silver paper, and as a present creating an obligation.

Well, Dr. Mackay has not let this be done for him, and has simply issued a charming volume of song, leaving it to the public to find out the charms thereof. We are reminded of the indignant demand made by Sir Toby of Sir Andrew: "Is this a world to hide graces in?" Mr. Barnum would repudiate Dr. Mackay, and tell him that he was throwing away advantages. "Sir," the intelligent American would probably remark, "I guess you are little better than an infidel. Providence has given you faculties, and you go putting your candle under a tarnished bushel. Everybody knows your name, and is grateful to you for things what you have done, and would wish to hear of you again, and you have not taken the trouble to tell the critturs. Sir, you may have the seeds of grace in you, but you don't jest look it, and you'd better not come to me till you are in a more befitting frame of mind. What should you have done, Sir? Why, not a board in this here metropolis of yourn but should have had in almighty big placards, 'A Thousand New Songs, by Mackay, LL.D., Sir. But there's only a hundred!' What of that, they are an instalment of a thousand, I suppose, or may be so, and if the public doubt, let 'em buy the book and count."

As, however, Dr. Mackay has adopted a course which he may probably consider wiser of a poet and gentleman, and has chosen to rely on the intelligence of a public already indebted to him for a whole treasure-house of song, it is for those who keep that public informed of the contributions made *de die in diem* to literature, to see that the facts are duly set forth. It is far too late in the day to discuss the merits of Mackay's poetry. It is in the hearts of myriads, by force of having appealed to what was in their hearts before. No analysis of

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its character could alter its position, no malice could warp away the affections of those who love it, no eulogium could teach them to prize it more highly. He has supplied a want, and the people know it, and his reward is in their grateful regard. They have but to be told, and this is all we propose to tell them, that in a neat little volume of something fewer than four hundred pages, are a reprint of eighty-three songs published four years ago, and all the songs not previously collected, including those which have been set to music. In addition, are the hundred new songs of which we have spoken.

It is to this latter feature in the book that we would chiefly call attention, and that we may do so in the most effectual manner, we will make a few extracts from among the new poems. Those, doubtless, which will be found most welcome to gentle bosoms, have for themes the varieties of the ruling passion. There was written under the image of Cupid:

"Who'er thou art, thy Master see
Who was, or is, or is to be."

We will show one of the poet's illustrations of the love that was:

UNDECEIVED.

I.

I once believed that in a form so beautiful as thine—
In such clear face and angel eyes, so like to lamps divine,
And in that breast so purely white, deception could not
dwell,

Or base unworthy passions prompt thy reason to rebel;
I spoke my thoughts, and call'd on men to listen and
believe me:

But in thine eyes Deception hung,

And there was guile upon thy tongue.

Once, only once, thy soul was true—when thou didst
undeceive me.

II.

He who in wild-wood alleys roams, unthinking and
unwise,

And takes a serpent to his heart for beauty of its eyes,
For splendour of its arching neck and glitter of its skin;
Was scarcely such a dupe as I, in ignorance of sin,
Who took such traitor to my side to fondle and to cherish,

And gave it sustenance and room.

But go; thy falsehood is thy doom!

And not the heart which thou hast stung—but thou,
myself, shalt perish!

The victim who has just spoken, or sung,
is not revengeful; but all Dr. Mackay's
wronged ones are not content "to eat their
own hearts," some "unpack their hearts with
curses." Here is one:

A LOVE-CURSE.

I.

Fare thee ill—and not well! And whenever, hereafter,
The world in my presence shall speak of a knave,
And stir his name, amid curses or laughter,
As greatest or meanest—half tyrant, half slave;
I will tell them of thee, till they're forced to confess
That none can be greater, as none can be less.

II.

With the tale of thy deeds shall the pure air be tainted;
And lips that have named thee, need balsams to free;
And villains more monstrous than thoughever painted
Shall seem but as pygmies when measured with thee,
Fare thee ill—and not well! And till life shall depart,
May Misery track thee wherever thou art!

We may suppose, although there is no
connection in the volume between the two
compositions, that the guilty man, thus
vehemently cursed, has his remorse. Listen:

THE HAUNTED BALL-ROOM.

I.

Hark! sweet music's airy measure,
Throbbing up in waves of song!
What have I to do with pleasure?
Let me fly the joyous throng.
For she comes amid the dancers,
Woman-shaped,—a dream,—a breath!
Let me fly!—fly! fly from anguish!
Fly! fly from living death!

II.

Dripping wet, with garments trailing,
I beheld her, lost too soon,
Through the filly twilight sailing
Slow between me and the moon.
Evermore her lifted finger
Points reproachful to my breast;—
Let me die!—die! die for pity!
Die! die! and be at rest!

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

III.
Oh, the melancholy river!
O'er her face the waters roll;
Heaven forgive her, and receive her!—
There's a darkness on my soul!
Great the wrong and great the sorrow;
None can tell the pangs I bear;
For she's lost!—lost! lost for ever!
Lost! lost! to my despair!

But Mackay is too true a poet to believe that the world is in mourning, and that it is his mission to make those melancholy who are not so. Here is the old cheery strain again, so well remembered and so welcome:

THE MAN WHO WILL NOT MERRY BE.

L.
The man who will not merry be
When the wine-cups foam and flow,
And he drinks with a goodly company,
Whose eyes with pleasure glow,
Deserves to weep in a dungeon deep,
And to eat dry bread in pain.
Fill high the glass, the toast shall pass:
May he ne'er have the chance again!
Bad boy!
May he ne'er have the chance again!

II.
The man who will not happy be
When he sits at Beauty's side,
And might press the lips, so pure and free,
Of his wife or destined bride,
Deserves to groan through his age alone,
And to seek a friend in vain.
Fill high the glass, the toast shall pass:
May he ne'er have the chance again!
Bad boy!
May he ne'er have the chance again!

III.
The man who will not thankful be
For his liberty and right,
For his strong sleep health and labour's fee,
And quiet sleep at night,
Deserves to know how the beggars go,
And to starve in cold and rain.
Fill high the glass, the toast shall pass:
May he ne'er have the chance again!
Bad boy!
May he ne'er have the chance again!

IV.
And here is the same lesson still more
delicately taught:

THE BLUE SKY.

I.
'Tis true that youthful hopes deceive,
But ever the flowers return with Spring;
That tenderest love has cause to grieve,
But still when the young birds pair they sing.
The west wind plays with the leaves of May,
And the peach hangs ripe on the garden wall;
And the blossoms grow and the fountains flow,
And the bright blue sky bends over all.

II.
Though Love may fade with early prime,
As the cowslips fade on the fallow lea,
Yet Friendship cheers the face of time,
As the sunshine gilds the apple-tree;
The morning's pain may be evening's gain,
And sometimes 'mid the flowers we fall;
And the sun for thee is the light for me,
And the bright blue sky bends over all.

Lastly (for space is an inexorable tyrant), we select an imaginative lyric, in which affection follows its object beyond the tomb, and where the grand, deep teaching, that creation but meant love, is needed no more, because the eternal purpose is fulfilled:

IF I DIE FIRST.

I.
If I die first, dear love,
My mournful soul, made free,
Shall sit at heaven's high portal,
To wait and watch for thee—
To wait and watch for thee, love,
And through the deep, dark space
To peer, with human longings,
For thy radiant face.

II.
'Mid all the stars of heaven,
One only shall I see,
The Earth, star of my passion,
Half Heaven for holding thee—
All Heaven for holding thee, love,
And brightest of the spheres,
By thy smile illumined,
Or hallowed by thy tears.

III.
If I die first, dear love,—
I feel that this shall be,
For Heaven will not be Heaven
Until it's shared with thee,—
Until it's shared with thee, love,
I'll linger at the gate,
Or be thy guardian angel,
To teach thee how to wait.

IV.
And when thine hour shall come,
And through the yielding night
I see thy happy spirit
Upsoaring, robed in light,
Mine shall go forth to meet thee,
And, through th' eternal door,
Pass in with thee, rejoicing,
Made one for evermore.

We have given a few poems out of a hundred, but have done enough in "proclaiming where the gardens grow."

Memoir of Captain W. T. Bate, R.N. By the Rev. John Baillie. (Longman.)

The book before us is an excellent specimen of the right style of religious memoir. It has a strong family resemblance to "Havelock's Life," and the subject is so far similar, that imitation seems the natural thing.

Captain Bate was as thorough a sailor as Havelock was a soldier, with a natural character as high and perhaps stronger, all his qualities being in the same way modulated by an earnest and thorough devotion. Afloat from his earliest years, he soon attained a complete knowledge of his profession, especially of the surveying service, in which he was one of the most eminent proficients in the navy. As such, he performed the distinguished task of scientifically surveying the outline of the Chinese seaboard from the Chusan Archipelago to Hong Kong, "delineated, with incredible labour, in ninety-five sheets." During the year in which he was employed on this important and unexciting duty, official routine, assuming the appearance of almost studied neglect, tried his patience to the utmost, and brought out his noble qualities in the most favourable light. Among other discomforts, the vessels offered him for the service were of the most wretched description, and his crew he had to "cater as best he might from the desperate runaways of the merchant vessels." Yet such was his tact in managing both ships and men, that the former were worked efficiently throughout the whole survey, and the latter were brought into a state of willing subordination, which must be rare indeed among that order of seamen. "It has been our lot," said these men, in a thoroughly Christian address to their Captain, "it has been our lot to serve under many captains, not one of whom is fit to be a patch on your back." This enthusiasm was the legitimate result of a moral and religious character, well-tested by the men, and discovered to be perfectly sound. It is the same story all the world over; Livingstone among the African tribes, and Bate with the "roughs" of the merchantmen, hold the same pass-key to influence.

Transferred at length to the regular service, Captain Bate commanded the *Acteon* during the late Chinese war. Under the walls of Canton he met his death, struck on the right breast, while standing amidst a storm of bullets to take the height of the wall with his sextant preparatory to fixing the ladders. "The governor, and his many friends, followed the chief mourners . . . while the road was lined with civilians, who stood with uncovered heads, as the mortal remains passed by of that heroic man, for whom all Hong Kong mourned."

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Council has assembled at the Bedford.

THE PROFESSOR (*suddenly singeth*).
 "Hear what Martin Luther sung,
 What Doctor Martin Luther sung,
 What the Reverend Martin Luther sung—
 WHO LOVES NOT WINE, WOMAN, AND SONG,
 HE IS A FOOL, HIS WHOLE LIFE LONG."

THE MANDARIN.

The sentiments are unexceptionable, but why are they promulgated at this moment?

THE PROFESSOR.

Because I have just recollect that this is the anniversary of Luther's demise.

THE BARONET.

Good. The tribute is a becoming one. Did you notice that the Catholic superintendent of the Berlin Museum objected to allow a composition typical of the Reformation to be included in a series of frescoes illustrative of the great events of European history, and that on reference to the Authorities he was ordered to have it inserted forthwith? There is another tribute to Luther.

MR. TEMPLE.

Is the growl in the House of Commons about our sentries saluting the Host in Malta also meant as a tribute to Protestantism?

MR. DROOPER.

Perhaps so. But why not take another hint from Luther's hymn? Some of the landladies in Malta must be pretty. Why don't the gallant Protestants offer a compromise!—decline ever to salute the host, but propose always to salute the hostess.

THE EDITOR.

An extremely flippant speech, Mr. Dramatist, and when you have patted yourself on the head for its neatness, it is to be hoped you will have the grace to be ashamed of its profanity.

MR. TEMPLE.

You perceive that literature has gained another prize, and that Mr. Samuel Warren is to have the excellent place which did not seem exactly to suit the Chancellor's son-in-law—the Mastership in Lunacy.

THE BARONET.

Warren has studied the subject, if the "Diary of a Physician" be held good evidence. As for the Higgins' affair, I think we may use the very strongest words in the vocabulary of political condemnation, namely, that it was Too Bad.

THE PROFESSOR.

There is an excessively vulgar Scottish proverb which one would not quote at any other time than just now, when vulgar Scotch lyrics are in such high favour (*murmure*)—it is "Keep your ain fish-guts for your ain sea-meaws." Lord Chelmsford's ornithological affection has been a little in excess.

MR. STOKE.

It is not a matter to be treated lightly. We have learned as a nation to tolerate mediocrity in our great men, but we have grown righteously intolerant of jobbery. The office is a most important one. Mr. Higgins is most unfit for it, and he is put into it simply and solely because he is the Chancellor's son-in-law. If Chelmsford were Bacon, such an act would arouse the indignation of the people. The silence and rapidity with which the step was retracted at the shortest notice, show what was thought of it by those who took it.

THE PROFESSOR.

Granted, and granted also that the fastidiousness of our highly-placed men on the subject of the purity of their personal motives is a good sign of the times. Miss Martineau, in that admirable history of the Thirty Years' Peace, has a capital passage upon the subject, and unites masculine logic with feminine keenness in what she says of the shallowness of people who complain of the time of Parliament being frequently taken

up with personal explanations, as if the perfect vindication of the character of those who govern were not of the very utmost importance to state. Nevertheless, I own with shame, that being at a child's party the other night, I managed to get a beautiful little watch off the Christmas-tree for my youngest boy, though I knew he would smash it before bedtime, and there were several children present who would have taken great care of it.

THE BARONET.

Let us hope that you would not have done so, had the watch been a real one, and the economy of a household depended on its going right.

THE PROFESSOR.

My wife very much applauded what I had done.

MR. DROOPER.

As a rule, that applause should make a man doubt whether he has acted wisely. Women applaud us chiefly when we have done as they would have done.

THE MANDARIN.

Drooper, you are a good fellow; but your exceedingly diluted sarcasms are a bore.

THE COLONEL.

And his scoffs at women are, from a dramatist, ungrateful. If the women did not support the theatres, how would you live? What sane man would go and sit for six hours in a vile atmosphere to hear false sentiments badly delivered, unless compelled thereto by women? Why do you snarl and snap at the white hands that feed you?

MR. DROOPER (*incensed*).

I write no false sentiment, and the art of the dramatist is as honourable as that of any other creator. If Shakspeare—

[But the Council, though patient to a fault, will not endure this, and everybody passes a bottle to MR. DROOPER, and begs him to be silent.

THE COLONEL.

Dickson got his verdict against Lord Wilton, you see. But "upon my honour," as my lord said, I never saw a case in which there was more of a muddle from the beginning of the history to the finding the verdict. Everybody seems to have gone wrong, or been ignorant and incapable, and the amount of damages is perfectly ridiculous. They should either have been nothing, or very heavy.

MR. STOKE.

Speaking as a civilian, I suppose that it is everybody's business to be ignorant about militia matters. Lord Wilton, colonel, swore that he knew very little, the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-chief, swore that he knew very little, and Lord Combermere, Constable of the Tower, and *custos rotulorum* of the Tower Hamlets, evidently could not comprehend the business, but turned Dickson out, by way of making things pleasant.

THE PROFESSOR.

Lord Combermere, however, laid down one proposition, which should be remembered by all who have to organise militia defences, namely, that militia officers are not to be treated like mere officers in the Queen's army, but "are to be humoured."

MR. DROOPER.

I heard a goodish American story, which shows that in the States the humouring the militia is also deemed necessary. A militia officer sees a nigger whom he knows, and says, "Ah, Sambo, you are an honest, faithful fellow. I'll give you a drink"—"With all my heart, sir," says Sambo, "with all dis child's heart. Some niggers are haughty and proud, and won't stoop to drink with a milishy officer, but dat's wrong. I tink a milishy officer almost if not ebery way as good as a nigger, special when a nigger's thirsty."

MR. STOKE.

Very good. But to keep to the point. I hope that Colonel Dickson will be restored to his situation.

THE COLONEL (*laughing*).

Situation, sir. Are you talking of a shop-boy? Well, if he is not, it will be worse than unjust, and if he is I shall be a good deal more than surprised. He has trodden on a good many corns, and they are corns whose owners have a special objection to being trodden on.

THE BARONET.

Lord Wilton's tears were affecting. I suppose the overflow was what touched the Chief Justice, and made him talk of the "amiable" lord.

MR. TEMPLE.

A mild form of praise, certainly.

MR. DROOPER.

I don't know that. There are very few amiable people. We are all bland enough until we are touched, and then we fly out. Notice the voices of people, when they are not speaking in a made voice, and you will find nine out of ten to be disagreeable.

THE MANDARIN.

Something has happened to Drooper. He is as misanthropical as the very deuce and all. What misfortune has occurred to you? Unbosom yourself. Has Webster or Buckstone accepted a piece by one of your particular friends? Does the monkey in your forthcoming drama think his part ineffective, and want "business" taken from some of the other actors and given to him? Have you found out that the farce underlined as *A Night in the Tunnel* is the same that you have been translating, and meant to call *Brompton Boilers*? Never mind, misfortune is the common lot, and Lott's a common-council man. Comfort yourself with these thoughts.

MR. DROOPER (*designing not the least notice of the last speech*).

Mr. Bingham, the magistrate, made a speech about street musicians the other day, which is not undeserving of note. He had a couple of the vagabonds before him, and was good enough to apprise them that he liked music, and indeed played upon several instruments, but he wished that others who also liked it would do as he did, and go to a theatre, concert, or elsewhere for it, instead of inflicting it on their neighbours.

THE COLONEL (*snorting*).

Confound all street music, and every one who encourages it. A man has as much right to say he likes bathing, strip himself on a steam-boat, and jump into the Thames *coram populo*, as to strike up music in public.

MR. DROOPER.

I know that you feel a little strongly on the subject, and therefore you will be pleased with Mr. Bingham. Having delivered himself, as I have said, he did not send these two fellows to prison, though they were proved to have persevered in their noise after warning, but he chose to believe that they thought they were obliged to play if anybody asked them—

THE COLONEL.

Innocent beasts!

MR. DROOPER.

So he fined them twelve pence, and let them go.

THE PROFESSOR.

May the bridge of Mr. Bingham's fiddle come down whack, next time he is in the middle of a sonata in B, with an audience of entranced friends and jealous rival amateurs listening.

MR. TEMPLE.

Ah! You should all live in the Temple. Ben Jonson's *Moro* did not keep better silence than we do. An organist, new to London, is said once to have strayed into our place, and inconsequently to have begun to grin and grind. For two minutes porters, keepers, police, all were utterly paralysed, believing the end of all things had come. The next moment—

"From amazement's iron trance
All Bertram's soldiers woke at once—"

Everybody seized him by whatever they could lay

No. 34.—
FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

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hold of, and ran off like wild horses with a traitor. One of his arms was hurrying up Bouverie Street, while the other flew past the Fountain, his organ went off into the river, while his body was dragged up to the Mitre. In fact he disappeared from among men.

THE COLONEL (*solemnly*).

I wish it were true. I had an attack of *tic-douleuroux* yesterday, and while I was shuddering under it, came a miscreant and struck up *Poor Dog Tray*. I could have blown the fellow from a gun, sir, almost as gladly as I would blow away Nana Sahib, if I could.

MR. DROOPER.

The women encourage them. A woman would keep one of the grinning brutes playing before her snub-nosed brats for an hour at No. 5, if Faraday were weighing the earth at No. 3, and Tennyson finishing King Arthur at No. 6.

THE MANDARIN (*to the Professor*).

What has happened? Has Mrs. Drooper run away?

THE PROFESSOR.

Or not run away? Give him some more wine.

THE BARONET.

Reform on the 28th, eh? Anybody in the humour to bet this time. Three to one the Government bill passes—or that the Government pass a Reform bill?

MR. TEMPLE.

That second limb of the sentence implies a good many things. But we have waited so long that we can afford to wait a little longer. In the meantime those who wish to speak with authority when the Bill comes on, should study Mr. Stanhope's electoral map, and make themselves master of Parliamentary geography.

THE BARONET.

But I must have a bet. Who will say how long Disraeli's opening speech will be. Four hours—five, six, seven? Make your game, gentlemen, while the ball's rolling.

THE MANDARIN.

He has never gone beyond five hours yet, but Palmerston, Gladstone, Sir Charles Wood, and another or two have talked as long. I don't think the House will care for much more.

MR. DROOPER.

Why don't they divide such a speech among them. Why not let Sir Bulwer Lytton eloquently open the oration, Lord Stanley sketch (from his father's notes) the history of the first Reform, Mr. Walpole, a man of business, state what is now intended, and Mr. Disraeli finish with vindication, aspiration, and tag.

THE MANDARIN.

Le Diable à Quatre would be a good title for the drama. I think the notion a very good one. I'll mention it to some of our fellows. But how singularly calm and apathetic the country is upon the subject.

THE BARONET.

Mr. Bright's party say that it is not so, and that the people are resolved to have reform, but are waiting with great self-restraint until they know what is proposed.

THE MANDARIN.

My good fellow, we can judge of things only by what we see and hear, of course. Have there been any meetings of any consequence, any meetings at all, in fact, except among the lower classes? Even in London, the whole demonstration was left to Ernest Jones. The real people don't care about reform; and if Lord Derby had Lord Palmerston's tact, or good luck, he would manage to pitch the bill over, and no harm done.

THE BARONET.

One has heard this sort of thing said on other matters, and by no means justified by results. But I confess I did expect more from the desperate whipping which has been going on for a year, the indefatigable attempts to convince the humbler

class that they are trampled slaves, and all the rest of the agitation machinery.

MR. TEMPLE.

When an English workman has plenty to do, and plenty to eat, he doesn't go to Reform meetings. He works like a horse, gets his money, enjoys his meals, and takes his wife and children to the play, or to fireworks. But let him see his skilled hand hanging idle, his table with dry bread on it, and his "belongings" unhappy, and he is off to the meeting, very sulky, and quite ready to be made believe that the bishops and the swells prevent Maudslay or Henderson from giving him work.

THE MANDARIN.

Count Cavour hit the nail a little more nearly on the head than some of us like to allow, when he said that England was a very noble nation, but when its own interests were affected it had a habit of looking at questions in another light than that of mere justice. What is true of England is true of Englishmen individually.

THE PROFESSOR.

Is it not true of all human nature? You need not go to Turin for commonplaces about selfishness.

MR. TEMPLE.

But the British workman's conduct is *not* selfishness, I maintain, but sound sense—that is, so long as he is busy and happy; and as for being hard upon a really hungry man, for folly, impatience, or even violence within certain limits, all the ethics in the world shall never teach me to be so.

THE PROFESSOR.

Hunger is an awful thing. Pass me the preserved ginger. And to see any one hungry whom one loves. I hope never to be tempted, but if I am, I tell you frankly that I shall not hesitate to proceed, Eugene Aram fashion, to the "re-distribution of this world's goods," until I and mine are comforted.

THE EDITOR.

I must protest against such unprincipled doctrines. If anything is wrong in this world it will be set right in the next.

THE PROFESSOR.

But I can't wait; especially when I am hungry.

THE EDITOR.

We had hoped to hear you putting down such fallacies, instead of upholding them. Last week we were denied the advantage of your conversation, owing to circumstances over which you had entire control, but did not exercise it. Else, we expected you to maintain that any man who is in trouble is being justly punished for some error of his own. This would be much more religious and becoming in you, than your talking in that objectionable manner.

THE PROFESSOR.

Hunger is a dreadful thing. So is thirst. Send on the claret.

THE EDITOR.

Sad, very sad. But we shall have the sermon another night. A second large majority, you saw, on Wednesday, for abolishing the restraints on marriage.

THE BARONET.

This wife's sister case is a remarkable instance of the failure of a compromise. Parliament having declared that some of these marriages were valid, has cut away the ground from those who would create an offence out of the union in question. The whole discussion is a wrangle, based on personal experiences and gossip. One man knows a case in which a dying wife was made miserable by her sister's influence over the husband; another has been informed of a wife's dying request to her husband to marry the sister; another has had his sister-in-law in his house ever since his wife's death, but does not wish to marry her; a fourth would have liked his children to have their young aunt with them, but thinks it would be unjust to her, as he cannot reward

her attentions by marrying her. And so we go on, clack, clack, clack, a fanatic occasionally throwing in foul words about incest and impurity, which gentlemen on both sides contemptuously repudiate, and then go at it again, hammer and tongs.

THE PROFESSOR.

We will not discuss the matter here, unless you particularly wish it. (*Silence.*) You do not. Then I will only say that I think the law oppressive and tyrannous that prevents my selecting the wife I think best calculated to serve me. I defended the bill for admitting Jews into Parliament on the same ground. I conceived that there were circumstances which might make a Jew the best representative I could choose, and I claimed the right to choose him.

MR. DROOPER.

There are three Jews in the House now, two Rothschilds of Israel, and Alderman Salomons.

THE PROFESSOR.

Very good members all. Men of character, men of business, men of wealth. Two of them mighty huntsmen, a fact which must at once give them the confidence of English gentlemen. I believe it is understood that nobody who really rode well to hounds ever let his country go to the dogs.

THE BARONET.

An indifferent joke: but there is more in the equestrian qualification than flippancy may see. To ride well to hounds means health, which implies a clear brain, energy, and courage, which speak for themselves; and it generally means, too, a habit of free and equal intercourse with gentlemen of various opinions, and a knowledge of a good many different classes in the country. I don't say that a man should be a mere fox-hunter, but *ceteris paribus*, a man of out-of-door habits is likely to be a sounder man than a sallow stay-at-home.

THE PROFESSOR.

Then we must choose our senators from the Equestrian Order. If I recollect, though, a Knight of Rome was not to be of corrupt morals, nor of diminished fortune. I foresee certain work cut out for election committees.

THE MANDARIN.

Drooper, are you going to dramatise the Speaking Fish?

MR. DROOPER.

'Spound.

THE MANDARIN.

Not heard of it? Just the thing for a screaming farce. They've got a fish at Manchester which talks, says papa and mamma, and kisses its keepers. The intelligent critic of the *Examiner* there, says that it is a seal.

MR. DROOPER.

Or a sell.

THE MANDARIN.

A capital subject, I tell you.

THE PROFESSOR.

In an old play called the *City Match*, produced early in the sixteenth century—

MR. DROOPER.

Very few in an audience of the present day will remember seeing that.

THE PROFESSOR.

Listen. There is a character of a foolish young fellow, whose father, a decorous merchant, goes away, leaving the youth to his liberty, in order to see what he will do. The ancient gentleman is more than slightly disgusted, on visiting a booth in the City, to find his son covered with scales, and lying on his stomach, and a couple of his companions exhibiting him at twopence a head, as a wonderful fish.

MR. TEMPLE.

The prodigal sup-fish?

THE PROFESSOR.

Very likely: but the *dénouement* is entirely different, for instead of killing the fatted calf, the

father marries a new wife, and disinherits young Piscis, recommending him to go back to the sea and court a flabby mermaid. If Drooper sees any hint in this, it is at his service.

MR. TEMPLE.

If you want to see something which is not a screaming farce, but an excellent play, well acted, go and behold Miss Woolgar (that was) in *Peg Woffington*, at the Adelphi. It is the best piece of acting I have seen for many a day, and a more complete identification of artist with character than in these stepping-out-of-the-frame days I expected to see. Also, while you are there, wait for Planché's revised *Invisible Prince*, which takes one back a few years, to the times when burlesques were fun, and not slang.

THE PROFESSOR.

Halle-là! There was a certain piquancy in slang from the mouths of pretty actresses—

THE BARONET.

Bother. In the time of the old plays you are so fond of, the same piquancy was obtained by taking the prettiest and modestest girl they had on the stage, and giving her an epilogue full of such grossness as a *Traviata* would not utter in a *bordello*.

THE PROFESSOR.

"Italian fiend."

THE BARONET.

Planché produces all his effects by means of legitimate fun, pleasant verse, parody that provokes your ear, it sounds so close to the original, and knowledge of stage business. Go and see the *Invisible Prince* by all means (*sings*).

"Dance your dogs to your fiddle-de-dee,
I'll teach you to talk to a Queen like We."

And "Come into the garden mud," is capitally introduced.

THE EDITOR.

Gentlemen. With a war about to break out all over Europe; with a grand change in the constitution of your country about to be submitted to you; with an extra million of money about to be wrung from you for ship-building; with the Church of England, high and low, about to engage in mortal combat in the drawing-room of his grace, Dr. Sumner; with an unexampled quantity of diphtheria, nostalgia, and ammonia floating about in the atmosphere; if, with all these things before your eyes, you can indulge in frivolous dissensions on theatrical burlesques, why—

[The note-book closes, and the door opens to admit more claret.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WITHIN the last quarter of a century numerous changes have been made, to some extent even in our habits and prejudices, with a view to the social amelioration and the material comfort of the masses. The last, and perhaps the smallest, but not the least important of these changes has been the establishment of drinking fountains in various large towns, and their prospective introduction into the metropolis, where at present we have nothing but common pumps, with iron basins attached by strong but rude links of the same material. These conveniences are being gradually extended; and now we see that Mr. Slaney, the member for Shrewsbury, is endeavouring to procure the formation of resting-places for porters, and others carrying burdens, near to or on the lines of leading thoroughfares from the great markets to the suburbs. It seems that there is no central authority with power to provide such accommodation; for the Home Secretary stated in the House of Commons that "If the Hon. Gentleman wishes that provision should be made for resting-places for porters carrying burdens, and for the establishment of drinking fountains, which in Liverpool had been found extremely advantageous, the proper course is to make application to the local authorities." We hope the hint will be taken. We observe that Mr. Slaney,

who prosecutes these objects with increasing perseverance every year, is to move on Tuesday for leave to introduce into the House of Commons a Bill to facilitate grants of land to be made near populous places, for the use of regulated recreation of adults, and as play-grounds for poor children.

Another subject, not entirely unconnected with these matters, is the new employment discovered, we may say, for pensioners by the "Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society." It is in the capacity of messengers or "commissionaires." Many of these poor men have only one arm, having lost the other in the Crimea or in India; and as they can neither subsist on their pensions from the State nor fulfil, even if they could obtain, ordinary labouring occupation, it is proposed to engage them in going messages, conveying notes or parcels, holding horses, &c. The following stations have already been assigned, and the tariff of charges is extremely reasonable :

1. House of Commons and Westminster Hall.
2. Between Admiralty and Spring Gardens.
3. North side of Trafalgar Square, near the National Gallery.
4. Pall Mall, between the Army and Navy and Carlton Clubs.
5. The top of St. James's Street.
6. Between the top of the Haymarket and Regent Circus.
7. Centre of Regent Street, near Messrs. Ackermann's.

To this movement, as well as to the others, it is impossible not to wish success.

Mr. W. H. Prescott, the eminent historian, whose third volume of the History of the Reign of Philip II. was reviewed in the LITERARY GAZETTE of Jan. 8, died at Boston on the 28th ult., in his 63rd year. Mr. Prescott was born in Salem, Mass., in 1796. His father was an eminent lawyer, and his paternal grandfather was the famous revolutionary general who commanded the American troops at Bunker's Hill. The deceased historian graduated with distinction at Harvard University in 1814, and intended to embrace the legal profession; but the accidental loss of the sight of one of his eyes, and the extreme weakness of the other from over-exertion, obliged him to renounce the intention. After several years' travel in Europe, and long and laborious historical research, rendered more painful by his almost total blindness and consequent obligation to rely on a reader and an amanuensis to collect his materials and commit his thoughts to paper, he brought out his first work in 1838, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," which was universally commended, as well in Europe as in America, was translated into German, French, Spanish, and Italian, and is now regarded as a text-book in every historical library. Prescott's next work was the "Conquest of Mexico," published in 1844. Soon after its publication he received the high literary honour of being elected a member of the French Institute. In 1847 he published the "Conquest of Peru," and at the time of his death was engaged in finishing a History of Philip II. During Mr. Prescott's visit to England in 1850 the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Mr. Prescott leaves a widow and three children.

Considerable changes have recently occurred in the personnel of the Privy Council Office. Mr. Harry Chester, after a service of nearly thirty-three years in that office, has retired from the post of assistant-secretary to the Committee of Council on Education. Mr. Sandford has become the senior assistant-secretary; and Mr. Sykes, the senior examiner, is promoted to the post of junior assistant-secretary, vacated by Mr. Sandford.

Lord Bury, M.P., has forwarded 21*l.* to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution on behalf of himself and the passengers of the Asia, collected on their voyage from New York.

"We hear," says the *Publishers' Circular*, "from rather too good a source to be discredited, that an effort has been made by certain influential booksellers in the United States, during the revision of the tariff now before the United States government, to raise the duty on the importation of English books, from 8 per cent., as at present,

to 30 per cent.; if this is true, it is too bad—we say it emphatically, it would be adding insult to injustice. During the last two years a great impulse has been given to the demand for good English editions; the proposed alteration would be tantamount to prohibiting the sale altogether of English books. There is only one consolation, that so manifestly unjust a measure would be likely to enlist the interest of the American people in favour of an international copyright; yet, when we see such books reprinted as Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' the new 'Herodotus,' Whewell's 'Inductive Sciences,' Mrs. Jameson's Fine Art works, and others in imitation of English style, it is evident that, in addition to cheap reprints, a strong effort is being made to close to us the American demand for good workmanship. The subject referred to is deserving of the best and immediate attention of our government."

A rather extensive and very interesting series of photographs of Lucknow, made during its occupancy by Sir Colin Campbell, has been added to the Photographic Society's Exhibition in Suffolk Street. The most remarkable are two long panoramic views of the city, one showing the extraordinary extent and splendour of the regal palace, the other exhibiting the position of the city with reference to the adjacent country. Other views show the Residency the palaces of the Queen and princes, the Bailli Guard Gate, and other places which the siege has rendered famous. In many of them the sad havoc made by rebellion and war is but too evident. Besides the views there are portraits of Lord Clyde, General Mansfield, Sir Hope Grant and others of our noble band of Indian heroes in their habits as they lived on the scene of their exploits.

The sale of the Hertz Collection continues, and there seems no falling off in the interest exhibited by collectors, or the prices obtained for choice specimens. Both the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum have secured several valuable articles. Among other things the British Museum obtained a fine bronze of a lion for 5*l.*, the remarkable engraved metal mirror found in a tomb at Chiusi, for 34*l.*; and some if not all of the remarkable tintile vases with projecting figures, to which we directed attention prior to the sale. Among the purchases for the South Kensington Museum was a very fine marble tragic mask, between two female heads, obtained for 54*l.* A cinerary glass urn, containing some of the incomparable linen in which the body was wrapped previously to its being burnt, was bought for 28*l.* by Mr. Forman, who likewise bought a lion in ivory, about four inches long, for 37*l.* A bronze statuette of Venus for 27*l.*, and one of Theseus for 20*l.* The head of Livia, in opaline, two inches high, with a portrait of Augustus in intaglio upon the forehead, was sold, after a brisk competition, to Mr. Smith, for the large sum of 175*l.* A very fine intaglio of Apollo was bought for 99*l.* by Mr. Webb, who also purchased another intaglio of a Bacchante, in sardonyx, for 31*l.*; a cameo of a female on a couch for 63*l.*; another of Livia as Ceres for 40*l.*; and one of Julius for 25*l.* Other cameos and intaglios fetched commensurate prices. Lord Londesborough gave 34*l.* for a plasma statuette two and a half inches high. A bronze figure of Hercules, bearded, was bought for 16*l.* by Mr. Walesby; who also purchased for 14*l.* a singularly beautiful pair of fine gold ear-rings, which represent Ganymede being carried away by the eagle; and which, as illustrating the best period of Greek ornamental art, ought to have been purchased for the South Kensington Museum. Another bronze of Hercules was bought by the Duke of Manchester for 20 guineas; and one of the young Bacchus, by Mr. Taylor, for 25*l.*

Messrs. Murray & Sons, of Glasgow, are about to publish a collection of the best Centenary Poems, originated by the recent and almost universal celebration in honour of Burns, the profits of which will be devoted to some public interest connected with the great bard. We wish success to the undertaking, and we are sure the publishers will carry it out efficiently.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 16th February.

ONE of the things which is amusing the public just now, is the impending action to be brought by Nestor Roqueplan, the director of the Opera Comique against the *rédacteurs* of the *Figaro*. This is a merrily long story, and much more long than either interesting or edifying. Even now, at the eleventh hour, sagacious people scarcely think that its end will not be peace. The first act dates from four to five years back. When Nestor Roqueplan was forced to quit the directorship of the Grand Opera, nearly all the press attacked him for what had certainly been a most slovenly, Irish kind of administration, but for the irregularities whereof he was not solely responsible. This very divided responsibility it was which made it a delicate and a courageous act to defend Roqueplan, because many of the causes of mismanagement lay at doors whereat it is uneasy and unsafe to knock, and because more than one court functionary was implicated in a discomfiture which, to be just, the Tuilleries ended by bearing a very large pecuniary share. All these circumstances, however, made it extremely difficult to stand by Nestor Roqueplan at the moment of his downfall from the Olympus of the Académie Royal, and no journal attempted to do so except the *Figaro*. M. de Villemessant, the editor of this extraordinary, and often very far from recommendable little paper, chose to support Roqueplan upon this occasion, and did, there can be no doubt, defend him as no one else had the pluck to do.

Roqueplan's gratitude was loud and expansive in the extreme, and he swore by everything holy in the theatrical world that he would never forget the service so spontaneously rendered. But it would appear that, supposing he remembered the service done, they who did it remembered it to the full as well, nay, presumed upon it. For the last four or five months Nestor Roqueplan has been the butt for all the shafts of the *Figaro's* wit, and not two of its numbers have passed without the director of the Opera Comique being made to sit for a full-length caricature in prose. At last, the object of all these pleasant sketches probably got to vote them not only a decided bore, but he began to fear lest his *actionnaires* should cease to think of him with becoming gravity, and accordingly has announced to Messrs. de Villemessant & Co. his intention of bringing an action against them before a civil tribunal only, so that all the danger they incur is that of fine. It must be avowed that the form adopted by the *Figaro* for its attacks on the unlucky M. Roqueplan was one particularly calculated to vex and worry that irritable gentleman. He was perpetually represented as a species of Pasha, lolling upon a couch, smoking a cigar, and desirous only of escaping from all the details of his administration. One of the last of these "scenes" was really very amusing, and so true to the life, that all Paris knew it almost by heart. The magnificent director of the Opera Comique was shown in the act of giving an audience to a young author who brings to him, with a strong letter of recommendation, a *libretto* of an opera. M. Roqueplan at once asks him how it happens that his friends have not turned him from such fatal courses, and how he ever came to commit such a misdemeanor as that of writing an opera comique! The dialogue is really witty, and the whole thing full of fun; but apparently Nestor Roqueplan could stand no more of such portrait painting, and he has commenced a judicial action against the *Figaro*, much, as I have said, to the amusement of the Parisian public, who chooses to fancy the determination conceals no end of mystery, in which it wraps up the names of Meyerbeer, Madame Cabel, *e tutti quanti*.

Generally speaking, the winter is creeping on as dull and gloomy as ever. The all but constant rain, the damp, thick, heavy weather that, instead of turning to the desperate cold M. Babinet predicted, has for three months been squashy under foot and washy overhead, has brought about one

universal *grippe*, that has found its victims everywhere, from the Emperor and the Princess Clotilde, to the coughing, nose-blowing, "lower ten thousand," who by their monotonous chorus would prevent you from any enjoyment at any theatre, if there were at any theatre just now anything to be enjoyed.

The attitude of those people was ridiculously amusing who went to the last ball at the Tuilleries for the sole sake of the Princess Clotilde, who did not show. They thought themselves injured, and taken in. I cannot say I pity them, for there is a kind of shabby design just now becoming manifest on the part of certain persons in Paris society, to conciliate liberal opinions and a taste for court gaieties. The Faubourg St. Germain, forsooth, has, with its habitually silly arrogance and infatuation, announced beforehand, that its members would go to visit the Piedmontese Princess *in the morning!* Now, really, these bourse-hunting, stable-haunting, card-playing, scandal-loving, empty-headed, mouldy-hearted grandsons of men who, if they did not know how to help a king to live, knew, at all events, how to die for and with him; these ineffably ridiculous male and female representatives of what a century or two ago were the great (because the useful) families of France, might have just taken the trouble to ask themselves whether the Princess Clotilde wanted them; and whether, though she had the misfortune to be the wife of one of the least estimable personages in Europe, she were sufficiently lost to all feelings of dignity or self-respect to welcome a set of individuals who, from compassion, would consent to see her at stated periods, and as it were "on the sly?" But their own notion of their importance and their grandeur is such, that the component parts of this same Faubourg St. Germain would never dream of fancying the princess could be otherwise than highly honoured by their gracious decision to "visit" and "countenance" her! This is one of those minuter aspects of society in France, about which you scarcely form a guess in England, and indeed how should you? It is something so supremely absurd, that it would be difficult it should be imagined by men in their senses; it is hard enough to believe when it is seen. Heaven knows the so-called "Court Society" is here bad enough, but the intense foolishness of the Faubourg St. Germain, and its absolute cauchouc-like impenetrability to all modern doctrines of no matter what kind, make it no better in one sense than the official set is in another. If amongst the society of the Tuilleries and St. Cloud, you meet with adventurers, in that of the left bank of the Seine you meet with idiots; beings who are in a positive state of fossil preservation, whose notions of all things date from before the flood, whose utter inferiority would horrify their own ancestors of two hundred years back, and whose idea of their own importance grows precisely in an inverse ratio to their activity. They do literally nothing; they glide through life, from cradle to grave, almost in ignorance of what is going on around them, or, at best, busied only with some financial scheme, or with the management of a sale of an old name to some rich shopkeeper's daughter, and they fancy themselves demigods all the while. This utter intellectual and political annihilation of the people who are born at the head of society in France, and the immorality and vulgarity of those who officially usurp their places, combine to decapitate the body social and the body politic in this country, and force it into a perpetual alliance with the Revolution.

The *grippe* is not the only cause of the dullness of the winter this year. The Emperor's rude speech to M. de Hübner is another, and the financial disasters consequent upon the latter have added ruin to the other causes of stagnation in festivities. This has been so felt that every possible effort has been made to try and enliven Paris within the last six weeks, but everything has failed. The last attempt made to tranquillise the public mind was that of the day before yesterday, at the ball at the Hôtel de Ville. In the

first, or court quadrille, M. de Hübner and M. de Villamarina were *vis-à-vis*, each to the other; so, at all events, if Austria and Sardinia are at loggerheads, or nearly so, on the banks of the Ticino, we have the satisfaction of knowing that they dance together on those of the Seine. This wonderful stroke of diplomacy is ascribed to the Princess Mathilde, and you have no notion how the worthy *épiciers* of this town were gratified and consoled by the fact, which they saw "with their own eyes," of the *réunion* in a *chaîne Anglaise* of the Ambassadors of the two rival powers, whose dissensions have of late so mortally disturbed the unanimity of their purses. As to the ultimate decision in favour of peace or war, it would, I think, be still very difficult to say in what way it will be taken. For the moment Louis Napoleon cannot venture to move, for he has behind him all France dragging him back, and before him all Europe forbidding him to come on. But he and those about him have got a plan just now for modifying this situation, and, by hook or by crook, inducing the English Government to side with them in the Italian crusade. Their one hot project is to obtain the support of England in a congress, and to arrive at the desired end of making joint representations with us to Austria. The latter state, it is well known, will not admit of these, grounded, as she is, upon her "right" and on the respect of treaties; and it is ardently hoped that if we can be got as far as the diplomatic "representations," which will be left unattended to, we may then, our national pride aiding, be wheedled on somewhat further, and be at all events to be relied upon as far as friendly neutrality goes. However, until all this is settled, or in a fair way to be so, the anxieties at the Tuilleries are very great, and the even flow of the Emperor's temper considerably disturbed.

A remarkably pretty volume has come out here within this last week, called "Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans." It is the work of Madame d'Harcourt, youngest daughter of M. de Ste. Aulaire, and sister to the Duchesse Decazes. The volume is a beautifully "got up" one in 8vo., and shows no particular literary talent in the biographer; but for that very reason, perhaps, the subject of the biography comes out with unusual importance. The reader's attention is in no way called off from what purports to be the *raison d'être* of the book; with the Duchesse d'Orléans he becomes intimate, and he never cares to ask who is the person through whose agency this occurs. The letters of the unfortunate princess are the chief documents referred to, and nothing can be more charming, more full of the finest domestic feelings than they are. It is impossible to lay down the book I mention without a profound sympathy for the person portrayed. I am of those who believe the Duchesse d'Orléans did a severe injury to the cause of constitutional liberty here by her conduct apropos to the *fusill*, but it is out of possibility to refuse one's admiration to her conduct as a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a friend. She was what so few princesses have ever known how to be—a true, sincere, unalterable friend.

Paris, Wednesday.

I have not yet read in any English newspaper the announcement of a fact which is not without a certain degree of politico-literary interest; namely, that the great Anti-Corn Law Mr. Cobden is about to make his *début* in the literary world as translator from the French. The work he has translated, and which is already I believe in the press, is a learned, profound, and eloquent treatise by M. Michel Chevalier, the greatest of continental economists, on "The Probable Decline in the value of Gold." It is certainly highly desirable that anything which falls from the pen of so distinguished a writer as M. Michel Chevalier, especially on a subject of such universal concern as the possible, nay, probable alteration in the value of the chief of the precious metals, which alteration will arise from the ever-increasing quantities in which that metal is being produced in California, Australia, and Oregon; it is certainly desirable, indeed indispensable, that a work on such a sub-

ject by such a man should be added to the contemporary literature of England. But, seeing that Mr. Cobden's visits to France have been few and far between, and but of brief duration, and that a life spent in demolishing sliding scales on corn affords little time for the study of a refined and intellectual language like that of France, and less time still for acquiring the art of the translator—an art more difficult far than the vulgar imagine—seeing this, it is perhaps to be feared that many a luminous argument of Chevalier will be misunderstood, and many a brilliant passage be marred. Let us hope, however, for the sake of the author, for the sake of economic science, and for the sake of the public, that though Mr. Cobden is nominally the translator of this great work on gold, he has had the good sense to secure the assistance of what the publishers of the time of Queen Anne used to call "competent hands."

M. Michel Chevalier's book, when translated, will make an immense sensation in England. Few people at home I fancy have yet taken into consideration the great and startling fact that gold cannot go on pouring into Europe in prodigious quantities, as it has done for years past, and as there is every likelihood it will continue to do for years to come, without falling in value, and that a fall in the value of gold will have tremendous consequences,—economic, political, and social,—in every country of the civilised world. This great fact M. Michel Chevalier in his book brings prominently before the public, and he examines it in every aspect. As in his other writings, the book contains all the information that in any way bears on its subject, and exposes with modesty and authority the teachings of science on that subject, at the same time it displays the loftiness and foresightedness of view which distinguish the statesman.

Another volume of M. Guizot's "Memoirs" is to appear in a day or two; and on the same day an English version of it will be brought out at London.

The period has now arrived at which works destined for the approaching Exhibition of Fine Arts are received. It is to be hoped that English artists will send in works in abundance. As the LITERARY GAZETTE has stated more than once, exhibitions at Paris excite far greater interest on the continent than do those at London, and consequently exhibitors obtain greater publicity, that is to say greater fame, and with it greater chances of profit. Hitherto English artists have neglected French Exhibitions, with the exception of the universal one of 1855; and in so doing they have certainly done themselves serious injury, whilst at the same time they have wronged the country by causing continental people to suppose that the English have no Art, or at least none that they dare submit to continental criticism. It is asserted that the Minister of State has written to London to say, that if Englishmen will exhibit in anything like goodly numbers, they shall have a saloon to themselves. If the statement be true, it would be churlish not to accept the proffered hospitality; and if it be erroneous, I say again that it is both a personal and a national duty for English artists to exhibit largely in Paris.

A new play in five acts, called *Les Grands Vassaux*, has been brought out at the Odéon. But as it was ill-constructed, ill-written, and ill-acted—as above all its hero was Louis XI. that intolerable old bore who has figured times out of number in novel, play, poem, and opera—it has completely failed. The author of it is M. Victor Séjour. He has written several pieces not devoid of merit, and which have attained fair success: but he was once guilty of an astounding piece of folly—he brought out a version of *Richard III.* with some dedications as this: "Father! In rewriting Shakspere's *Richard III.* I think that I have done something of which I may be proud! I therefore dedicate it to you!"

During the month of January 303 books were published in Great Britain, including new editions, pamphlets, and sermons.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON.** Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. Westmacott, R.A., "On Sculpture."
— Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M. Royal Kensington Museum, 8 P.M. Mr. J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., "On the Italian Majolica Wares."
— United Service Institution, 8:30 P.M. Mr. R. Taylerson, "On Taylerson's Diagonal Principle of Iron Ship Building."
TUES. Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Owen, "On Fossil Mammals."
— Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. Continued Discussion upon Mr. Jameson's Paper, "On Du Trembley's Combined Vapour Engine," and if time permits, "On the Co-efficients of Elasticity and of Rupture in Wrought Iron," by Mr. R. Mallett, M. Inst. C.E.
— Zoological Society, 9 P.M. Scientific Business, Architectural Photographic Association. Lecture on Cairo.
WED. Society of Arts, 8 P.M.
— United Service Institution, 3 P.M. Mr. F. A. Abel, "On Gunpowder, its manufacture in England and on the Continent, and on the means employed for its ignition."
— British Archaeological Association, 8:30 P.M. Mr. George Vere Irving, "On the Date of the Battle of Keltrea." Rev. W. C. Lukis, "On the History of the Salisbury Bell Foundry."
— Geological Society, 8 P.M.
— British Meteorological Society, 7 P.M. Council Meeting.
THURS. Royal Society, 8:30 P.M. Dr. Tyndall, "On the Physical Phenomena of Glaciers."
— Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On the Force of Gravity."
— Society of Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
FRI. Numismatic Society, 7 P.M.
Royal Institution, 8:30 P.M. Professor Faraday, "On Schönbein's opposite Oxygens."
SAT. Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Dr. W. A. Miller, "On Organic Chemistry."

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Feb. 9: N. Gould, F.S.V.P., in the chair. D. M. Litler, Esq., of the Temple, was elected an associate. Mr. Savory exhibited a third brass Roman coin (Urbs Roma), found in the Town Ditch. It was minted at Treves. Mr. G. R. Wright produced a fine silver medal of Paul Lascar, a Grand Master of the Order of St. John of Malta, date 1649. Mr. George Prye made a communication respecting the columns at the Bristol Exchange. They appear to be those known as "The Kails." Mr. S. Wood laid before the meeting a coarsely-executed wood-cut, about 6 inches square, which appeared to have been the wrapper of a pack of funeral cards common to different companies in the middle of the 17th century. It had been found upon taking down an old house in the Old Change. Mr. Bergne gave an account of four very rare silver Belgian coins of the 12th century, exhibiting various devices, Agnus Dei, &c. The Rev. Mr. Kell communicated a paper giving account of the present small remains of the Priory of St. Dionysius, accompanied by representations of the encaustic tiles and other antiquities found on the spot. Dr. Kendrick exhibited three incense pots found in Lancashire, and Mr. Syer Cuming read some notes regarding domestic censers in general. Mr. Forman exhibited a remarkably fine specimen of bronze thurible, obtained from Cologne. It was of the 13th century. Mr. Pettigrew read a paper by Mr. Lambert on the Tonale, from a MS. in the Library of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury. The paper offered some interesting remarks on mediæval music.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 3rd, Col. P. Yorke, Vice-President, in the chair. Professor Kolbe read a paper "On the constitution of lactic acid." The author considered the acid in question to be a monobasic acid, derived from propionic acid by the replacement of peroxide of hydrogen for hydrogen. Dr. Evan Pugh read a paper "On the volumetric estimation of nitric acid." The process was based upon the conversion of nitric acid into ammonia by means of protochloride of tin, and upon the determination of the quantity of unaltered tin-salt by a standard solution of bichromate of potash. Dr. Hofmann read a paper "On sorbic and parasorbic acids." The latter compound is a volatile oil, evolved during the evaporation of the juice of the berries of the mountain-ash. The former is an isomeric modification of the latter, effected by the action of

strong acids or alkalies. Sorbic acid is beautifully crystalline, and resembles benzoic acid in appearance. Its formula, $C_4H_{10}O_4$, is exactly intermediate between that of enanthyllic and that of benzoic acid.

Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics.
By Michael Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. (Taylor & Francis.)

The collection and republication of these "Researches" afford matter for hearty congratulation to all who are interested in the history and progress of physical science. Their claim to a cordial welcome depends not only upon that interest which always attaches to the early and scattered labours of any deservedly eminent man, but also, to an extraordinary degree, upon the intrinsic merit of the researches themselves. The general opinion (probably well-founded in most branches of literature) that the scattered and short productions of any writer are of little value compared with his more extended and elaborated works, is true to a much less extent, if at all, when applied to the results of scientific research. It is in the highest degree important that the establishment of a new fact, the first glimpse of a new principle in science should be recorded as soon as obtained, and communicated without delay to the scientific public, in order that scientific men may be kept informed of what their companions are doing, and thereby enabled to economise their own time and labour, while at the same time they are furnished with the newest data for their own researches. Hence arose that numerous series of scientific journals, in all countries, in which is found a record of all scientific discoveries in later times, from the first glimpse of their existence to their final completion and establishment. The scattered papers contained in these journals possess, therefore, not only an historical interest, but an intrinsic merit; and we rejoice that so distinguished an inquirer as Mr. Faraday has set the example of reproducing in a collective form the results of the eminent services which he has rendered at various times to physical science.

But there is yet another reason why we hail with satisfaction the republication of the particular researches contained in this volume. Deservedly great as is the reputation of Mr. Faraday, we doubt whether the non-scientific public is fully aware of the breadth of the basis on which it rests. Ask nine people out of ten what Faraday is famous for; and the answer will probably be that it is for his electrical and electro-chemical researches. Such is the brilliancy of these discoveries that they have completely eclipsed the scarcely less important results which he has obtained in other branches of physical science. Now, the work before us is devoted exclusively to researches of the latter class: as Mr. Faraday tells us in the preface, "the reasons which induce me to gather together in this volume the various physical and chemical papers scattered in the Philosophical Transactions and elsewhere, are the same as those which caused the 'Experimental Researches on Electricity' to be collected in one series." The appearance of this volume, therefore, furnishes an opportunity we have long desired of dwelling particularly upon the important services rendered by Mr. Faraday to branches of science not immediately connected with electricity, and especially to chemistry.

The papers contained in the volume before us range over a period of about forty years. The principal journals in which they were originally published are *The Quarterly Journal of Science*, *The Journal of the Royal Institution*, *The Philosophical Transactions*, and *The Philosophical Magazine*. By far the majority of them appeared in the first-named periodical. One short paper, "On Re-gelation," appears to have been written expressly for this work: and the closing lecture "On Mental Education," delivered before the Royal Institution in May, 1854, is reprinted from "Lectures on Education," published by Parker in 1855. All the papers deal with subjects exclusively of a chemical or physical nature. We will now proceed to notice briefly the principal researches in each of these departments.

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Of the papers on chemical subjects, the two most important are unquestionably those "On New Compounds of Chlorine and Carbon," and "On New Compounds of Carbon and Hydrogen." It was to the first of these researches, the date of which is 1820, that the establishment of the elementary nature of chlorine was finally owing. In order to render this statement intelligible, a brief notice of the history of this element, and of the views originally entertained as to its composition becomes necessary. The discovery of chlorine is due to Scheele, who, in 1774, first observed the greenish-yellow gas which is evolved by the action of hydrochloric acid on binoxide of manganese, and ascertained its bleaching action on vegetable colours. He regarded it as a simple body, which, when combined with the hypothetical substance, phlogiston, constituted hydrochloric acid. Lavoisier's theory that oxygen is an essential constituent of all acids, led to the conclusion that metallic chlorides, and consequently chlorine, must contain oxygen: a conclusion which was maintained with slight modifications by Berthollet, Gay Lussac, Thénard, and other chemists. This view, it will be observed, rested solely on the consideration of the analogy of chlorides to oxygen salts: the only experimental deductions on which it was based were proved subsequently to be either erroneous in fact, or to be susceptible of some other explanation. It was in 1810 that Sir H. Davy, having failed in every attempt to detect oxygen in chlorine, or to decompose it in any other manner, declared his conviction that it was an elementary body, and proposed to designate it by its present name. This chloristic theory, as it was called, was violently opposed, especially by Berzelius, who would on no account admit that chlorides were not analogous in composition to oxygen-salts, and denied the conclusiveness of Sir H. Davy's experiments on the decomposition of chlorine. The experiment on which Davy chiefly relied to prove the absence of oxygen in chlorine, was the fact that chlorine is not decomposed by heated charcoal. To this his opponents replied, that no compounds of chlorine and carbon existing, it was not to be expected that these substances should act on each other. At this point of the controversy appeared the paper of which we are speaking, announcing the discovery of the very bodies, the non-existence of which was the last argument of the opponents of the chloristic theory. The effect was instantaneous: Berzelius gave in his adhesion to Sir H. Davy's views, and the elementary nature of chlorine became an established fact. Independently of the important theoretical result of this paper, it is an admirable example of exhaustive investigation of the properties of the new substances described.

The second paper above referred to was published in 1825, and contains an account of several new compounds of carbon and hydrogen, which were obtained by the action of heat on an oil resulting from the compression of coal-gas. The importance of this paper lies in the fact of its containing one of the earliest indications of the existence of polymeric bodies, i.e. of substances which, though differing materially in their properties, are composed of the same elements in precisely the same proportions, the only difference being that one contains a greater absolute number of atoms of each of its constituents than the other. One of the new hydrocarbons described in this paper is polymeric with olefiant gas, a chief constituent of coal-gas, and Faraday points out the probable extension of this very important chemical law.

Among the other purely chemical papers contained in this volume are several of great importance as researches, which, however, do not possess the same theoretical interest as those above described. We may instance those "On Sulphophthalic acid," "On Combinations of Ammonia with Chlorides," and "On some cases of the formation of Ammonia." An interesting fact connected with the last-named paper is, that Faraday states that he obtained ammonia by heating non-nitrogenised bodies in an atmosphere of hydrogen: a result which, if confirmed, might give rise to curious speculations as to the com-

pound nature of nitrogen. The prevalent opinion, however, now is that the source of ammonia in this case was the contamination of the hydrogen, either by atmospheric air or by some lower oxide of nitrogen; and Faraday himself states that, though he had taken every precaution to exclude atmospheric air from his apparatus, he could not be sure that he had succeeded in doing so completely.

Beside the above purely chemical researches, this volume furnishes abundant evidence of the services rendered by Faraday in the application of chemical knowledge to practical purposes. Two papers "On the Alloys of Steel" contain the results of an investigation commenced in 1820, in conjunction with Mr. Stodart, with the object of ascertaining what metals could be advantageously employed as alloys of steel, in order to improve its hardness and temper. Among the important practical results of this research we may notice the fact that the addition of a small quantity of silver (1 part in 500), produces a steel decidedly superior in quality to the best previously manufactured. Another practical subject to which Faraday devoted much attention was the manufacture of glass for optical purposes. In May, 1825, the Royal Society appointed a committee for the purpose of investigating this subject, consisting of Messrs. Faraday, Dolland, and Herschel, the chemical portion of the inquiry being entrusted to the first-named gentleman. By the introduction of borate of lead as an ingredient, and the adoption of peculiar precautions in the fusion of the materials, he succeeded in producing in large plates a homogeneous glass for optical purposes, very superior to any hitherto known. The report of this investigation was read before the Royal Society, at the Bakerian Lecture for 1829.

Of the numerous physical researches recorded in the work before us, none will be found more generally interesting than those "On the Condensation of Gases." It was in 1823 that Faraday was led, by a suggestion of Sir H. Davy, to try the action of heat in a closed tube, upon a substance which the latter had recently shown to be a compound of chlorine and water. The apparently unexpected result of this experiment being the condensation of chlorine by its own pressure to the liquid state, Faraday proceeded in the same year to expose other gases to increased pressure in a similar manner, and succeeded in obtaining as liquids, sulphurous, carbonic, and hydrochloric acid gas, sulphuretted hydrogen, cyanogen, ammonia, and nitrous oxide. Encouraged by these results, he instituted further experiments in the same direction, submitting the gases operated on simultaneously to an increased pressure and to the greatest cold to which he was able to attain. The results of these investigations, laid before the Royal Society in 1844, show the condensation of several other gases, some even into the solid form, and the solidification of all those previously mentioned, with one exception. The details of these experiments, many of which were attended with considerable danger, exhibit in the most striking degree the extraordinary fertility of experimental resource and skill in manipulation, for which Faraday has always been so pre-eminently distinguished. To this research we owe, not only nearly all the information we possess on the important subject of which it treats, but also a complete revolution in the previous ideas of the nature of gaseous bodies. Before this time a distinction was universally drawn between *gases* and *vapours*, the former term being confined to such bodies as are gaseous at the ordinary temperature and pressure, while the latter was applied to those bodies which, being solid or liquid at the ordinary temperature, could be converted into the gaseous form by the application of heat. The research to which we are alluding entirely abolished this distinction, and tends irresistibly to the conclusion that the gaseous liquid, or solid state of any substance is in no way an essential property, but depends solely upon the temperature and pressure to which the substance is exposed. The fact that there are still many bodies which are only known to us in the gaseous or liquid form, is no bar to this conclusion; for our control over one most im-

portant agent of condensation, diminution of temperature, is still very limited; and if our means of producing cold were in any degree co-extensive with those which we already possess for the production of heat, there can be no reasonable doubt that we should succeed in condensing those gases and liquids which have hitherto resisted all our efforts.

With the paper, "On the Conservation of Force," many of our readers are doubtless already acquainted. It contains the substance of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution in February, 1857. As this lecture excited considerable attention at the time, not only on account of the interesting nature of the speculations with which it deals, but also because of a somewhat severe criticism to which it was subjected, we will venture, without pretending to its complete analysis, to indicate very briefly the line of reasoning which it adopts. Starting with the principle that force, like matter, can neither be created nor annihilated, Mr. Faraday proceeds to argue that the ordinary definition of the force of gravity implies both the creation and the annihilation of force: for, if the statement that "gravity is an attractive force between the particles of matter, varying inversely as the square of the distance," or accepted as a complete definition of this force, it follows that there must be a creation of force when any two particles of matter are brought nearer to each other, and an annihilation of force when they are further separated. This statement, therefore, though indisputably true as the law of gravitating action, cannot be admitted as a definition of the force of gravity. The total amount of force always remaining the same, there must be some compensation for the increase and diminution of force occasioned by the approach and recession of the particles. In applying the principle of the conservation of force to other forces beside that of gravity—e. g. to mechanical force, chemical action, heat, &c.—we are enabled to perceive that these forces are mutually convertible; the force which disappears in friction or in chemical combination, reappears in the heat which accompanies these phenomena: it is not annihilated, but is, so to speak, converted into heat. If, in the case of gravity, we are unable to perceive a similar compensation for, or conversion of, the force lost, it is more probable that this inability arises from our ignorance, than that the force of gravity is essentially different from all other physical forces. Shortly after the publication of this lecture, a somewhat severe notice of it appeared in the columns of a contemporary,* from the pen, we believe, of one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the day. Taking as his text a passage in which Mr. Faraday vindicated the right of one who, like himself, possesses little or no mathematical knowledge, to meddle with such subjects, the reviewer, scandalised at the attempted intrusion into his domains, argues at great length that the result of the attempt has been inevitable failure. It is not our design—not indeed have we space—to inquire how far Mr. Faraday has laid himself open to the strictures contained in this unquestionably able article: we have only alluded to it because it is doubtless the main reason why some additional remarks have been appended to the original lecture in the volume before us. In this appendix, written with admirable temper, Mr. Faraday gives a more precise definition of the meaning which he attaches to the word *force*, conceiving that he has been supposed to employ it in the former paper merely as equivalent to *mechanical force*. "What I mean by the word *force*," he says, "is the cause of physical action: the source or sources of all possible changes among the particles or materials of the universe." Whether we admit the common origin of all physical force, or whether we suppose that each force has a distinct and separate cause, we must, in either case, apply the principle of the conservation of force, unless indeed we deny it altogether. Those who hold the former doctrine, which is that of the convertibility, or correlation, of

* *Athenaeum*, March 28, 1857.

force, apply the principle of conservation to the totality of force, not to each of its separate manifestations; in the heat which is generated by friction, chemical action, &c., they find an equivalent for, or reappearance of, the force that has disappeared; neither is there any *a priori* reason why the cause of gravity should be excluded from association with the cause of other physical forces. Those who deny the convertibility of force, must prove that each separate force is subject to the principle of conservation; for every disappearance of force, they must show the production of an equivalent amount of a force having the same special character as the force lost. Thus clearly does Mr. Faraday, in his late remarks, point to the conclusion which has always appeared to us as the object of the original lecture:—viz., that the admission of the conservation of force leads to the adoption of the great principle of the convertibility of force. And this question, we think with Mr. Faraday, is at least as open to the experimentalist as to the mathematician.

Before concluding, we would wish to call attention to one paper contained in this volume, which, though of a less strictly scientific nature than any of the others, conveys information of so eminent a useful and practical a nature, that we cannot forbear from reproducing some of its most important points. In this paper, Mr. Faraday details the confirmation by his own experiments of a method originally observed by Sir G. C. Haughton, by means of which a man can hold his breath for twice as long as he can under ordinary circumstances. The method is simply this:—Before holding the breath, take several quick, hard, and deep inspirations; and cease breathing when the lungs are full of air.—i. e., after an inspiration, not after an expiration. The breath may then be held for a minute and a half or two minutes, the body being in active exercise all the time. The cases in which the observation of this rule may enable a man to save another's life, are of not unfrequent occurrence:—e. g., in rescuing a person from drowning, or from a deadly atmosphere, as that of a burning room, a brewer's vat, or an open cesspool. Mr. Faraday adds the following precautions:—“ Avoid all unnecessary action; do what is needful, and no more. In entering a brewer's vat, or a cesspool, keep the head as high as possible; in a burning room, as low as possible. Do not attempt to breathe the air of the place where help is required; if the temptation be given way to, the necessity increases; resist the temptation, and retreat in time.”

In conclusion, we can only repeat the assertion with which we commenced this article. This is a book which ought to be in the library of every scientific man. Nor is its interest confined only to the scientific public. Perhaps there has never been an instance in which the fame of a first-rate physical philosopher rested less exclusively on the verdict of scientific men than does that of Mr. Faraday. The multitudes who have listened with pleasure to his lectures at the Royal Institution, will recognise in this volume the combinations of all those qualities which have so often held them delighted auditors. Here will be found the rare sagacity in investigations, evident alike whether employed to solve the most abstruse problems of science or to expose the absurdity of table-turning; the singular clearness in explanation, the extraordinary fertility in experimental resources which renders him perhaps unequalled as a scientific manipulator. Nor must we omit to mention the scrupulous honesty which leads him to suggest, even in his own discoveries, a possible priority of claim on the part of other investigators; and the admirable moderation, both in assertion and rejoinder, which has already won him the testimony “that it would be hard to find a more faultless philosophical temper.” We are confident, therefore, that the general, as well as the scientific, public will join us in hearty thanks to Mr. Faraday, for thus completing the collected record of those researches which have placed him in the foremost rank of the investigators of physical science.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS AND M. THEOPHILE SILVESTRE.
To the Chairman of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

16, Arundel Street, Panton Square, London.

Feb. 14, 1859.

SIR,—In compliance with the repeated invitations of Mr. Digby Wyatt, one of the Secretaries of the Royal Institute of British Architects, I attended, on the 24th of January, a meeting of that Institute at 16, Lower Grosvenor Street.

Mr. Digby Wyatt introduced me to the meeting, and stated that I had been appointed by the Minister of State and of the Household of His Majesty the Emperor of the French to inspect the Museums and other Institutions of the Fine Arts in Europe. Immediately afterwards Mr. Digby Wyatt received from the chairman, J. J. Scopes, Esq., permission to invite me to address the meeting.

I then did so, in terms plain and respectful, and had the pleasure to receive their almost unanimous applause.

I heartily expressed to the meeting my thanks for their generous welcome, and stated to them that I had received a warm reception on the evening on which I had delivered my Lecture at the Society of Arts, the 19th January, when Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, was in the chair. I stated that I had been authorised by H.E. the Minister of State, to invite British artists to send their works to the Exhibition at Paris, which will take place in April next. I made a few remarks upon the improvements that had been executed in Paris, within the last few years, by the genius of the Emperor of the French. These remarks were received with the most distinguished favour.

After what had taken place at the above meeting, I was much astonished to read in the *Building News* of the 11th, and the *Builder* of the 12th inst., a report of what occurred at the meeting of British Architects of the 7th inst. My official mission by the Government of France was doubted. I cannot think that a body of enlightened artists, such as compose the Royal Institute of British Architects, would intentionally do me an injury after having conferred on me an honour.

My official character has for its object the study of Art throughout Europe. I show the documents by which I am accredited to all those who have a right to inspect them. They have been seen by H.E. Marshal Duke of Malakoff, the French Ambassador; Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy; P. Le Neve Foster, Esq., Secretary of the Society of Arts; and Digby Wyatt, Esq., one of your Secretaries.

Although my official title has been mentioned by nearly every paper in London, I am still ready to submit it to the inspection of the Royal Institute of British Architects, to whom I trust, Mr. Chairman, you will be good enough to communicate this letter.

I have the honour to remain, Mr. Chairman,
Your obedient servant,
THEOPHILE SILVESTRE.

THE HUNTERIAN ORATION.—The oration in memory of John Hunter, the founder of the anatomical collection bearing his name, was delivered on Monday at the Royal College of Surgeons by Mr. John Bishop, F.R.S. The lecturer, after some preparatory observations, adverted to the progress which had been recently made in some of those researches of which Hunter had laid the foundation, and in doing so quoted the opinion of Lord Brougham, in his memorable speech at Grantham at the inauguration of the statue of Newton: “That Cuvier had been preceded by inquirers who took sound views of fossil osteology, among whom the truly original genius of Hunter fills the foremost place.” In alluding to the progress of the Hunterian Collection, Mr. Bishop stated that the college had increased the number of preparations to more than three times those collected by Hunter, and that they now amounted to more than 45,000, of which number as many as 14,000 were microscopic, including the matchless results of the dissections of the nervous system by Lenhossek. After a brief notice of Messrs. Keate and Travers, whose loss the profession had to deplore since their last meeting, Mr. Bishop took a review of the labours of Buffon, Cuvier, Bichat, De Blainville, Schilling, Müller, &c., in their investigations of the nature of vital force, all of whom, with Hunter, concurred in the doctrine that life consisted of a vortex or state of incessant changes, the character of which might be gathered from their several definitions. Mr. Bishop proceeded to enter into various scientific details, showing the advance which had been made in anatomy, and then expressed his approval of the Medical Bill of last session, and remarked upon the importance of engaging well-educated men as surgeons in the army. At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Bishop was warmly applauded. In the evening, Mr. Green, the president of the college, entertained at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, a large number of guests to dinner.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.
[SECOND NOTICE.]

AMONG the figure subjects in the British Institution Mr. Louis Haghe's ‘First and Last Efforts’ (171), will attract attention. It is less of a furniture piece than is usual with him, and has a more homely pathetic interest than he often indulges in. In a quietly furnished little studio a dying painter, propped up in his chair to put the finishing strokes to his last picture, is turning aside to watch his little boy, who is busy over his first drawing. The career of the old painter has not, you can see, been an unsuccessful one; but it has only been a moderate success, achieved with much toil and amid many disappointments. His mind is taking a rapid retrospect of his past hopes and failures, and the fortunes of those who have been his competitors in the struggle; and as he thinks of his own early removal, he dwells anxiously on the future prospects of his boy, destined as he feels to the hazards of an artist's life, unaided by the advice and experience which he had hoped should have guided his steps, and cheered his way, and removed some at least of the stumbling-stones out of his path. If you dwell for the briefest space on the picture, you will feel that the painter has intended to convey some such idea as this, and that, as far as his means have allowed, he has really expressed, or rather suggested it. The head of the old painter is essentially thoughtful in character—though surely too venerable for the father of such a child—and the grave, earnest expression of the countenance is very well given. The picture is in all its parts treated with the same quiet feeling; but it has too conventional an air, and Mr. Haghe is evidently not yet at home in oil colour.

For pictures painted throughout with care, a wider contrast could hardly be found than those of Mr. Le Jeune and Mr. Ritchie. The former gentleman has a pair, ‘The Park’ (97) and ‘The Common’ (101), painted in the full rich manner learnt from the traditions of the English, and the study of the Venetian school. ‘The Park’ is a girl of some nine or ten years old, who by dress, and style, and locality, is shown to be of gentle blood. ‘The Common’ is a simply clad peasant girl of about the same age, but of the class Wordsworth used to meet and sing of, radiant with health and loveliness, laying her naked feet in the wayside stream. Mr. Ritchie's pictures are ‘Little Nell and her Grandfather leaving London’ (302) and the ‘Blind Girl of Castel Cuille’ (495), in which, following the contemporary reading of Pre-Raphaelite and scarcely Post-Byzantine art, he has brought out with intensest emphasis the ugly features, constrained attitudes, and universal flatness and negation of atmosphere, in which it is conceived that the essence of true art consists. Mr. Ritchie and those who think with him would proclaim Mr. Le Jeune's pictures to be “idealised,” and in so saying, satisfy themselves that they had pronounced their condemnation; but we wish we could somehow induce these gentlemen to reflect for a moment or two on such works as those before us, and ask themselves whether they are not also “idealised” renderings both of human and inanimate nature: whether, in looking at human beings, they ever saw them thus, even when isolated from all surrounding objects—far less when regarded in common with surrounding objects? As for the landscape part of the pictures, it shows that Mr. Ritchie is either under a terrible delusion, or that his proper craft is pattern-painting for manufacturers. Another picture of the same order, ‘Hesitation’ (80), by J. G. Nasb, hardly suggests so favourable an estimate, though the painter is evidently well up in mantle-making.

Pictures after the Wilkie manner, scenes in which the comic element prevails, or is meant to prevail, are rather numerous; but for the most part they are deficient in three things—humour, knowledge of character, and technical power—all more or less essential in such works. ‘The Flaw in the Lease—Scene in the Country Lawyer's

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Office.' J. Morgan (149), shows some sense of humour, especially in the figure of the deaf lawyer; but Mr. Morgan has much to learn and much to do before he can hope to attain success in this line. So we may say of Mr. Collinson, whose picture, 'The Bankrupt' (150), hangs next to Mr. Morgan's; and so we may say also of Mr. T. P. Hall's 'Rivals' (337), of Mr. Hemsley's 'Birdcatcher' (427), and of many another whose works it would be idle to particularise. George Cruikshank has a picture that of course has fun in it, 'Roderick Random's encounter with Captain Weasel' (435), but it proves that a design which would be irresistible in a wood-cut two-inches square, may prove a very rapid affair when magnified into an oil painting of as many feet. Mr. Rossiter's 'See-saw' (218) is pretty and promising, and so true in the locale, that we at once recognise the precise spot on the unfinished road by Hampstead Heath where it was painted. Mr. Rossiter must cultivate his sense of humour and beware of pettiness. An equally unpretending transcript of a childish incident is Mr. Surtees's 'Please Scramble a Ha'penny' (71), which shows that Mr. Surtees has really watched children. There is good, honest, manly mirth, and good painting (allowing for some modern Flemish peculiarities), in Mr. Van Seben's 'Precious Burden' (325), a couple of urchins falling to fisty-cuffs in a wheelbarrow, to the terror of a little girl, their companion in the barrow, and the amusement of the old countrymen who is trundling along the 'precious burden.' We can hardly say as much of the far more pretentious 'Omnibus Life in London' (318) of Mr. Maw Egley, which is as unpleasant an imitation of Mr. Firth as Mr. Long's Spanish picture (78) is of Mr. Phillip. Better is the smaller 'Gossip at a Spanish Taberna' (93), by J. B. Burgess, in which there is a good deal of character and some originality. Despite many faults—one being the too large size of the canvas—we may say at least as much for the 'Punch in the Country' (525), by C. J. Lewis—a work which the visitor will do well to stop down to look a little closer at. Some of the figures are particularly clever, and the whole shows observation and a turn of mind that may, rightly educated, lead to better things. A veryably painted head in its miniature way is Mr. Gale's 'Little Grandmother' (406); and Mr. Absolon's somewhat substantial 'Lilian' (241) claims a word of recognition. Two or three tolerable portraits have likewise found admission under the thin veil of fancy titles, but it scarcely seems worth while to particularise them.

A large number of landscapes still wait for notice, but we must dismiss them very briefly. Two seniors who have done well in older times are not fortunate on the present occasion. Mr. Linnell's 'Evening in the Corn-field' (163), is evidently the result of observation and artistic knowledge, but is a failure notwithstanding. How Mr. Linnell, with so fine an eye for colour as he undoubtedly has, could paint wheat of such a hue, is inconceivable. But poor as is this picture, Mr. Linton's 'Temple of Hope' (436) is so much worse that it would be painful to criticise it. Mr. Pyne, another of our older landscape painters, who once wrought works worthy of remembrance, has, like the preceding, only given expression to his worst mannerisms in the picture he has contributed to this exhibition—'The Castle of Angeria and Port of Arma, Lago Maggiore' (545), a strange agglomeration of impossible colours, seen through a hazy medium, half fog, half steam.

Of manner, too, of a very unpleasant kind, Mr. H. Dawson must beware, or he will assuredly soon dissipate the hopes his pictures of last year excited. There is unquestionable ability in his 'Autumnal Evening on the Banks of the Trent near Nottingham' (360), and still more so in his 'Stonehouse Pool, with the Government Victualling Ware-houses, Mount Edgecombe, Plymouth' (461), but every part of each is handled in the same manner, and has the same unpleasant woolly texture. There is, however, more than usual character in the sky of each; and strange as all looks close, it must be owned that from a distance great enough to lose all trace of

detail as well as of handling, everything falls properly enough into its place.

The same absence of discrimination of the individual character of natural objects is the great drawback from the pictures of Mr. George Stanfield. His chief picture here, 'Richmond, from the Swale, Yorkshire' (138), has the foreground rocks with the juicy herbage and dank moss, the near slopes and the distant hills, the houses and the trees, all elaborated with the same peculiar touch; and all showing that even where they have been studied from nature it has been through his father's spectacles. He has two other pictures, but they have exactly the same characteristics—the same lack of variety, the same absence of atmosphere, the same hard model-like look. And singularly enough close by Mr. G. Stanfield's 'Richmond' hangs the 'Richmond' of Mr. Niemann (151), in which the same curious uniformity of texture throughout, the same want of discrimination of the qualities of objects, are just as oppressively apparent. In other respects, though representing the same place from a different point of view, the pictures have not a feature in common. Both are very clever, but Mr. Niemann's is purely conventional: the effects of light, and shade, and colour, being only such as could be seen in a stage landscape under the combined influence of gas-light, coloured fire, and Grieve or Beverley's 'magic pencil.' A like specimen of theatrical landscape is Mr. Niemann's 'Scene on the Swale' (307). As Mr. George Stanfield copies his father, so does Mr. J. Danby in his 'Evening, from Plymouth Harbour,' copy his. But there is good work in the picture; and if it were not one of so long a series, we might well admire the glory of the setting sun. The younger Danbys seem indeed bent on becoming mocking birds. What probability is there that Mr. T. Danby would ever have gone 'Where the Birds Sing' (187), if he had not been led thither by Creswick's silvery notes?

Of a different order is the poetical little glimpse across the heath by the windmill towards the village church and sea shore, in 'The Wind Changed, blowing up for Rain' (482), by Mr. J. S. Raven—a name altogether new to us, but one we shall hear of again. Very excellent, too, is the study by Mr. H. Moore, 'Evening, Squally Weather, Coast of North Devon' (79), in which there is charming effect of sky and horizon; and his more elaborate 'Oak Coppice' (428), is very praiseworthy as a minute imitation of nature. 'Spring Day at Stoke, Salop,' by Mr. Oakes, is on too large a scale for his dainty, minute style. It has been apparently painted direct from nature, but from being painted bit by bit and day by day, the parts do not hang well together, and sky and trees and distance seem to belong to different days and states of weather. As another praiseworthy study direct from nature, we may mention Mr. P. R. Morris's 'Autumn Mists, Valley of the Thames' (563).

As fair examples of pictures by well-known hands working in a well-known manner, we may note Mr. G. Pettitt's 'Ullswater' (156); Mr. J. Peel's 'Richmond, Yorkshire' (353)—not a bit like the Richmond of either Mr. Stanfield or Mr. Niemann, by the way;—the 'Scene near Bettws-y-Coed' (83) of Mr. Syer; the 'Needles, Isle of Wight—Wreck in Scratchell's Bay' (197) of Mr. J. J. Wilson—a good picture spoilt by a fluttery made-up sky; and the quiet unassuming Norfolk Scenes of Mr. Stark. If we mention the very excellently painted 'Water Dogs' (379) by F. W. Keyl, and his most unfairly hung 'Herd by Moonlight' (69); the equally well painted 'Partridges' (120) of Mr. J. Wolf—how could he have painted such 'swedes' and leaves?—the microscopic 'Nests and Eggs' of Mr. W. H. Ward (405 and 411); and Mrs. Rimer's 'Flowers,' we shall probably not have overlooked many works to which it is desirable to direct the reader's attention.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

OUR lady artists have removed, for their third exhibition, from the Egyptian Hall to the Hay-

market. They have there a room of convenient size and well lighted, and they exhibit somewhat over three hundred pictures. About half as many more were rejected: perhaps had the numbers been reversed—three hundred rejected and a hundred and fifty admitted—the exhibition would have been the gainer, though at a little temporary expense to the feelings of the fair contributors.

Though far from a good one, the exhibition is an improvement on its predecessor. But it will never be a good exhibition till our female artists pursue their calling in a different spirit. We dare say they will be very angry with us for saying so; but it is well they should be told that they aim too low, and strive too feebly to arrive at anything worthy to be called success in art. To become a true artist there must be not only a genuine love of art, but thought and study and steady, persevering, well-directed labour. Not for the higher branches of painting alone are these necessary. For any but the lowest branch there must be the habit of constant watchful observation of nature; knowledge of the resources of art and the limits and specific style of its respective departments; and along with all, that technical dexterity and manipulative skill which only constant and observant practice can give. Yet, looking around this gallery, how many of the fair exhibitors can be supposed for a moment to have attained, or be on the road to attaining, this knowledge and power? How many are strenuously engaged in a course of study, training, and self-discipline? How many can be thought to have been labouring as a man labours, who is resolved to do what in him lies to win fame and fortune? In a word—and this is what we wish to press home upon our fair friends, for on it depends all their prospects—how many who call themselves artists are honestly labouring as those who have fairly adopted art as a profession ought to labour?

Of respectable amateur talent there is a sufficient display; but of true artist work very little. Crude and gaudy colours, bad or oftener feeble drawing, imitations of masters, old and modern, poverty of thought, immaturity of style, and an unlucky selection of subjects, are everywhere prominent. Still withal there is much quiet good feeling, and if our ladies would only work and think, we see no reason why very many of them should not become good artists. Whether they will more assist their progress by maintaining a separate institution—comparing themselves only with themselves—or by fairly trying their strength in the wider arena they would perhaps do well to reconsider.

Those ladies who have really attained distinction in Art do not seem to regard this Exhibition with much favour; at any rate, very few among them contribute to it. Miss Margaret Gillies has sent one drawing, and a very graceful one, 'Vivian Perpetua,' but it is one that has been exhibited before; and this single figure is, as far as we recollect, the only effort in the higher branches of Art in the Exhibition.

Among the less known figure painters the most prominent is Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, who with a little exuberance displays a good deal of taste and skill; her 'Pifferari playing to the Virgin. Scene in Rome' (59), is a bold clever rendering of a subject of which every frequenter of picture galleries is thoroughly wearied; the studies 'Italian Goatherd, Campagna, Rome' (24), and 'The Outcast' (249), are somewhat fresher in subject, and equally clever in execution; but in a 'Roman Pilgrim' (93), she has let her fondness for gay colours run riot. If Miss S. J. Hewitt would impart a little of Mrs. Murray's dash and freedom into her style, she would become a much more attractive painter. As it is, her 'Hop-picking at Seven Oaks, Kent,' though a little heavy, is a nicely painted picture, and displays good feeling; but did you ever see such pretty modest girls hop-picking in that or any other part of Kent, Miss Hewitt?

The most venturesome of the oil-painters of scenes of daily life, are Miss Alice Walker in 'The Park' (138), a scene with fine ladies and ragged children, guardsmen and nursery-maids,

ducks and swans, all ranged along the margin of the ornamental water in the Regent's Park, and painted in a hard, dry, flat, minute, pre-Raphaelite sort of way; and Miss Cordelia Walker, who has one similar in conception, style, and colour, entitled 'Charity' (186)—both displaying a good deal of power with more immaturity of thought and hand. Miss Kate Swift's 'I love to look upon a scene like this' (136), is the old-fashioned conventional cottage-door, with the industrious cobbler complacently watching his wife and child; but her Irish girl looking from her cabin-door and shading the sun from her black eyes (189)—which Miss Swift inscribes—

"Tis sweet to know
There is an eye will mark our coming."

has a good deal of spirit and some humour. So has Mrs. Backhouse's 'I got a Fedder' (44); and her 'Fisherman's Children Minding their Mother's Stall' (101), is not without merit. Miss Claxton's two series of sepia drawings, 'Scenes from the Life of an Old Bachelor, and an Old Maid' (239 and 274), have a smart sort of cleverness, very attractive to "fast" young men—but ladies seldom make good caricaturists, and Miss Claxton is not an exception. Of a purer and nobler character is the very sweet 'Christmas Carol' (294) illustration by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle.

Having exhausted the figure pieces, we turn to the landscapes. Here in oil we have a clever amateur-like view of 'The Colossi at Sunrise—Thebes—during the Inundation' (181), by Mrs. Robertson Blaine, who has also a 'Study from Nature,' and a graceful lady-like small portrait 'In Memoriam' (259). Miss Stoddart's 'View on the Ken, near Galloway,'—one of the largest landscapes in oil in the room—shows a feeling for nature and considerable facility, but it is imitative and unfinished. The truest bit of landscape in oil here is one which the visitor must look for to find, 'The River Mole, near Dorking' (177), by Mrs. Christiana Thompson—a little nook of that pleasant stream most faithfully and resolutely copied. It wants sun and brightness, and Mrs. Thompson is not yet a master of her tools. But she has made her water water that you can look down into, her weeds weeds that you might gather, and the leaves of her water-lilies really float on the stream. If she continues to work as closely from nature and at the same time study hard the great landscape colourists, she may achieve a reputation as a painter of our quiet home river scenery.

Among the water-colour landscapes those of the indefatigable Secretary, Mrs. Dundas Murray, claim a word of commendation, especially her 'Mont St. Jory, near Toulouse' (118), which is very carefully and brightly painted. She has also a carefully-painted 'View of Holy Island, during the Herring Season, Coast of Northumberland' (72), of which the water is the weakest part; and 'Bambro' from the North' (31). Among the other landscapes, we noted clever amateur sketches of 'Gwiddy, Lanfair Fechan, North Wales' (6), by Miss E. Mills; 'H.M. frigate Diamond, Capt. C. B. Hamilton, on her beam ends' (126), and the 'Entrance to the Piraeus, looking towards Salamis' (127), by Mrs. C. B. Hamilton, the former of which we hope was *not* sketched from nature; and 'Grisedale Beck, Patterdale, Cumberland' (225), by Miss G. Hibbert. Mrs. Bodichon, whose pictures from many lands we noticed at the Winter Exhibition, has here a strange scene in a 'Pine Swamp,' and view of an 'Arab Tomb near Algiers.' Lastly, we must mark with a special note of admiration Miss Rayner's 'Christ Church Gateway, Canterbury' (21), through which is seen the noble cathedral. Miss Rayner has drawn her architectural details sharply and accurately, yet kept them subservient to the general effect, and the general effect (though the picture is painted entirely in body colours) is very good.

But, after all, the ladies are most at home in fruit and flowers. Mrs. Rimer has some yellow and damask 'Roses' (200), very excellently put together, and well painted,—but having a certain wooliness of touch, and too palpable Murielism. Miss Florence Peel is even more successful in her 'Study in Spring' (167), in which she has brought

together primroses, hyacinths, forget-me-nots, fox-glove, and a capital sprig of hawthorn-blossom, with some mossy wood and ivy-leaves, without formality or confusion, and painted them as truly as Hunt himself could have done. She has also a water-colour study (68) of periwinkles and ivy leaves, with a daisy lifting its tiny head against a fragment of rock, of equally admirable execution. Another very charming little oil-colour picture of 'Wild-flowers' (134), by Miss Cantelo, has a cluster of the pretty blue Germander-speedwell, better painted than we remember to have previously seen that delicate little flower.

Among the water-colour drawings there are some nicely painted 'Lilac and Polyanthus' (32), by Miss H. Harrison; but in this vehicle the ladies are strongest in fruit. Mrs. V. Bartholomew contributes some tempting 'Apples' and 'Autumn Fruit' (250 and 257): she also sends some 'Fresh-gathered Watercresses' (37), but neither the boy who carries them, nor his companion, 'The Flower Girl' (112), are very interesting. Very true and charming are the 'Grapes' (218), and the 'Fruit' (248), of Miss Lance, and quite worthy of the name she bears. Rich and ripe too is the 'Fruit—sketched in Jersey,' by Mrs. Washington (54), and that drawn by Miss Margetson (140). And lastly Mrs. Withers in her 'Winter Berries' and holly leaves (47), her 'Study of a piece of garden rock, with a Robin and Nest,' and a robin in the nest (96), her 'Bantam Chickens' (124), and her 'Roses—the British Queen,' &c. (224), has shown very unusual variety, facility, and skill.

There are a few pieces of sculpture in the room, and among them is a small sketch in clay 'Eli Blessing Hannah and Samuel,' by Miss Rachel Leverton, which displays both power and poetic feeling.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.—A question asked by Mr. Tite of the Chief Commissioner of Works relative to rebuilding the Foreign Office in Downing Street, led to a sharp conversation in the House of Commons on Friday week. Mr. Tite very reasonably dwelt on the unfairness with which the architects who had obtained the first and second prizes in the competition had been treated in being passed over, in favour of the gentleman to whom only the third prize was awarded. Mr. Tite at the same time took occasion to express his professional opinion that, "there could be little doubt that the Italian style would be more suited to the wants of common life, and that Gothic would be very inconvenient." Lord John Manners however in reply, assured the House that the decision respecting the style "was arrived at not by the Government, but by the site on which the building was to be placed;" and that, the site having decided the style, "the selection of the architect was governed by the decision in regard to the site." This very novel process—Lord John Manners is a great discoverer in Art—will not we trust be lost sight of by future governments. How much trouble and anxiety and heart-burning will be saved by its adoption! Competitions, with all their possible unfairness, and certain vexations and mortifications, will be unnecessary. Architects will be spared the labour and loss of time of making elaborate designs, and the pain of seeing them transferred to the waste paper basket; and the country will save all the preliminary cost and delay. All that is necessary is to fix on a site; the site will decide on the style; and the style will determine the architect. Happy invention! Halcyon days for Chief Commissioners! One thing, however, will certainly be necessary. Lord John Manners must be kept at the Board of Works. If political tactics do not permit his retention as Commissioner, some non-political post must be found for him. His successor can hardly be expected to possess the happy talent of reading the language of sites and translating the wishes of styles. Indeed, a great Gothic authority, Mr. Hope, seemed to fear that the Commissioner's theory would be hardly understood by the House, and he accordingly volunteered another explanation. Besides the judges, whose duty it was to adjudicate on the degrees of

merit in the several competitors, two architects were appointed as assessors, to assist them on strictly professional points. These assessors drew up a report, setting forth their estimate of the relative value of the several designs. In their lists, Mr. Scott was placed second both for the war and the foreign office, and, as the opinions of the judges need not be taken into account, the sum of merit must be regarded as remaining with him. Wherefore, to borrow Lord Palmerston's lively illustration, on the principle that two negatives make an affirmative, he is put first,—just as if in horseracing "the horse which ran second in two heats was held to be entitled to the cup."

However, the question both as regards architect and style may be taken as practically settled, by what settles most things—action. Lord Stanley, as our readers know, has accepted the government offer of a site adjoining that of the Foreign Office for the new Indian office, and given the commission for the new building to the architect selected for the Foreign Office. He has decided, moreover, that it shall be erected in conformity with Mr. Scott's design for the Foreign Office, and form with it one grand edifice. As the House of Commons has no control over the Indian Office, and as that will in any case be carried out on the proposed plan, it is hardly probable—that the subject is to be again brought under discussion—that members will interfere to prevent the erection of the two offices as a uniform whole. Nor, in the interest of art, can any one wish that they should. Judging by recent buildings, we might well doubt whether a thirteenth century style can be adapted to nineteenth century wants; but Mr. Scott is a master in that style, and unlike the more vehement mediævalists, he does not propose to reproduce, but to modify and adapt. The debate called forth a long letter from him to the *Times*, in which he most distinctly states his view to be, that for our public buildings "we should so develop the style of the best period of pointed architecture as to adapt it in the most perfect manner to the wants, inventions, and arts of our own day." This is the only way in which Gothic can hope to take its place as living style, and the present may be regarded as a grand—almost a crucial—experiment of its capabilities.

With respect to the particular edifices under consideration, it may be re-assuring to put on record Mr. Scott's own account of his design for them: "I propose," he says, "to erect a building which friends and foes have agreed in praising. It will contain one of the finest and openest quadrangles in this country; its details will be more than ordinarily lively and cheerful; its amount of window light will exceed that of, probably, any public building in this country; its construction will embody every modern improvement, invention, and appliance; its materials will be the most cheerful and the most durable; its arrangements will be the most perfect which long and earnest study enable me to render them; whilst its cost will not exceed what is customary with public buildings in the usual style." Mr. Scott it will be seen is not disposed to underrate his own powers. He has the confidence in himself which is requisite to the production of great works. And he has a noble opportunity—one of those rare chances which in the nature of things can fall to the lot of few men. He will we trust rise to the occasion, and produce a work honourable to himself, and worthy of his country.

With respect to the "enlargement of the British Museum, and the arrangement and distribution of its heterogeneous collections," the Chancellor of the Exchequer informed the House that the subject "was still under the consideration of the Government:" we suspect it will remain under their consideration for some time to come.

OLD BUILDINGS IN THE INNER TEMPLE.—Another block of old houses now condemned, are said to be upwards of 200 years old. They form what is called Crown-office-row, looking over the Temple gardens, across the Thames.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Mr. Planché's extravaganza of the *Invisible Prince*, produced some years ago at the Haymarket Theatre, has been revived here, and promises to run another career quite as brilliant and successful as at first. Certainly no other writer of burlesque produces works so worthy and so capable of taking a permanent hold on the stage. This is due to two or three distinguishing attributes of the author, which place him above his fellows in this particular craft. Not only does he bestow more attention to the ease and flow of his verse, and to the neatness and point with which the jests and jingles that adorn it are turned, but his attention is more zealously bent on a faithful exposition of the fairy tales, of which he is so learned a commentator, and which he cherishes with so much affection, and thus they come to have a special value as dramatic readings of the favourite fantastic pictures of our youth, while the object of rendering them vehicles for satire on passing events is held of very secondary importance. The result is that while his compeers from overloading their scenes with temporary allusion, and the slang of the day, become in a few months almost valueless, except to the antiquary, a few erasures and re-touches suffice to render Mr. Planché's extravaganzas as interesting and captivating as ever. The story on which the *Invisible Prince* is founded, is that of *Le Prince Infin* by the Countess d'Arvis, who is presented by a fairy interested in his welfare with a cap, the wearer of which by simply reversing its position on his head, may become invisible, and moreover transport himself by the mere act of wishing to any place he has a mind to find himself in. The manner of treating the incidents of the tale is extremely neat, and shows great dramatic tact. The *Prince* exerts his power of instantaneous locomotion without quitting the stage, and by a permissible conversion of impossibilities, the wished-for locality comes to him. Thus invisible, though the *Prince* be designated, we seldom lose sight of him, and an agreeable compactness is given to the series of his adventures. Mrs. A. Mellon (Miss Woolgar) succeeds to the part of *Leander*, the *Prince Spright* as he should in strictness be called, originally played by Mrs. German Reed, and considerable as has been her experience of these flirting, flighty, fascinating scenes of the Royal families of fairyland, never has she appeared to more advantage than in the present specimen of the class. Especially well played was the scene in the private apartments of the young princess on whom *Leander* has set his affections, and where invisibly present he makes love and talks nonsense to her from behind the parrot, who gets the credit of all his gallant and saucy speeches. The piquancy of the situation was brought out with admirable zest; the beaming expression of roguish triumph, the caressing, but sly and cat-like glances with which the effect on the princess of his allusions to the forbidden subject of love is watched, the occasional outburst of irrestrainable ardour, when the object of his love unconsciously comes in close proximity with him, and added to these a droll imitation of a parrot's voice, make up a piece of acting as complete in conception, and as spirited and finished in execution, as has been seen for many a day. Mr. Toole, who has acquired a peculiar reputation for the delineation of burlesque villainy, has an excellent opportunity to improve it in the character of *Prince Furbibund*, of which it is fair to say he avails himself; without selecting any special object for his mimicry, he produces a very amusing caricature of the coarse unmeaning cant and hackneyed tricks of sudden transition, which still unfortunately holds its ground as true tragic expression. Mr. Toole evidently possesses humour, particularly of the drier and quainter sort, but it is unfortunately tainted with a vulgarity by means of the amiable and condonable description. Because some vulgar people are amusing, it does not follow that all vulgarity, however coarse, must be funny. To twist the mouth round to the corner of the ear, and otherwise to convulse and distort the features will not

of themselves move an ordinarily refined audience to laughter, although street ballad-singers and costermongers exhibit this ploughing up of the countenance under the influence of the comical afflatus. Let Mr. Toole, who is young, discard these mistaken views, and endeavour to purge his vein of fun, which is evidently genuine, from the habit of connecting itself with the slangy voice and low tricks of face and gesture which distinguish the omnibus-cad school of humour, a school which, if it occasionally extort a laugh when we are brought into contact with it, or furnish a characteristic anecdote, is not therefore to be transferred bodily into the province of Art; the field of low-comedy thus chastened and rescued from coarseness, is, we are constrained to say, almost entirely open to him.

The *Invisible Prince* was produced before Mr. Beverley commenced his marvellous illustrations of the mingled splendour and grace of fairy existence, and set the fashion of concluding burlesques with an elaborate tableau so elegant in design and yet so gorgeous with the lavish glitter of foil and the tinted blaze of chemical lights, that the impressions of the eyes eclipsed those of the other senses. On its revival the pristine simplicity of its mounting has been observed, and no attempt is made at scenic display; but the author anticipating the disappointment of the audience meets it with an apology, in which the feelings of an author who has not seldom seen the work of his brain eclipsed by the combined efforts of painter, mechanist and firework man are clearly betrayed. Just as the curtain is descending on a very ordinary group engaged in singing the finale, Mr. Toole rushes on and bursts into a concluding stanza in which he deprecates the anger of the public at the meagreness of the spectacle, and pleads for—

A poor old bard of the past,
Who, before grand last scenes were in fashion,
Tried to write only scenes that would last."

On Monday Mr. Wright, after a long absence from the stage caused by a severe illness, made his re-appearance on the scene of all his most marked successes, but which has since then undergone so complete an external change that we believe the public are a little bewildered and will not believe that a theatre so comfortable and so elegant is really the Adelphi. Let us hope that the presence of the "pet" and mainstay of the old house will dispel at once all such confusion and establish the identity of the firm, notwithstanding the "rebuilding of the premises." *Welcome Little Stranger*, a farce by Mr. Mark Lemon, was revived for the occasion, as much we suppose from the playful fitness of the title as for any other reason. It calls, however, for no great exertion on the part of the principal actor, and was therefore well suited in another respect to so nervous an ordeal as the return of an old favourite under such circumstances. Nothing more has been aimed at by the author than a mere sketch of the ménage of a clerk of moderate means, under the trying circumstances of a first-born baby, and imperious mother-in-law, installed under the interesting pretext in tyrannous sway over the household, complicated by the unwelcome visits of a money-borrowing friend, with a pretty wife, whose gratitude for past services to her husband excites both the jealousy of the latter and the suspicions of the mother-in-law. Mr. Wright's first entrance was followed—and even preceded, for none could mistake whose voice was raised at the wing in angry expostulation—by a roar of mingled laughter and applause, which lasted some minutes. A familiar nod and wink at the audience was the only answer to so touching a demonstration, but if the comic mask firmly fixed by years of experience stirred not, the man beneath was, to a close observer, visibly affected. To connect Mr. Wright with a baby and the paraphernalia of a nursery, is at once to kindle merriment in those acquainted with his peculiar style of drollery. No other position need be created for him; with this alone he will keep his audience chuckling and crowing by the hour. This power of improvising fun, which renders him almost independent of authorship, would have made him

gigantic in the old Italian farce, in which the actors filled up a mere skeleton with their own fancies. It has been far from being of such great service to him as the term actor is understood now-a-days. He has shown, however, more than once, that he possesses a thorough sense of the qualifications which the highest view of his profession requires, and as dramatic writing goes at present, he has been perhaps fortunate to find so much resource in his own inspiration.

On the same evening was revived the comedy of *Masks and Faces*, the joint work of Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, originally produced at the Haymarket. Mr. Webster played his old character of *Triplett*, the seedy poet and painter whom *Peg Woffington* patronises, and in whose studio, while counterfeiting her own counterfeit by occupying the frame in which *Triplett's* portrait of her was placed, she first hears herself mercilessly criticised, and then discovers from the tale which the poor country wife pours into the artist's ear, how her charms have lured the honest lady's husband from her, a discovery which is immediately followed up by the immediate sacrifice of the unlicensed *liaison* of the holy claims of matrimony. Mrs. Mellon was the representative of the witty, fascinating, and good-natured *Peg*, and acquitted herself with vigour of intention and ripeness of skill that would not have disgraced the celebrated original. In the scene we have described, she was particularly effective, and the various changes in her physiognomy as she plays the listener were perfect studies of expression. Mr. Webster's *Triplett* is a highly finished portraiture of the half starved and humbled, but proud and sensitive, literary hack, and the contrast between the abject manner and wo-begone look, and the occasional burst of the fiery and impresario nature within, which constitutes the general colouring of the character, is thoroughly well grasped and thoughtfully carried out. Miss Simms, as the injured wife, looked the part admirably, and her expression of emotion obtained force from its unaffected simplicity. The revival is altogether a very happy one, and with the bill constituted as it is, if the New Adelphi is not nightly crammed the public has either lost all taste for theatrical performances, or has grown unexpectedly fastidious.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—After repeated proofs that the large audiences assembled every Monday in St. James's Hall are by no means hostile to what is conventionally termed "classical," but which would be at once more simply and appropriately styled good music, the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts have veered suddenly round. No longer turning a deaf ear to honest counsel, based upon plain common sense and every day experience, they now, on the contrary, seem resolved to profit by it, and to carry out their resolution by a more sweeping and radical change than was either suggested or meditated by their advisers. On Monday, instead of a concert of shreds and patches—an *olla podrida* of tunes, good, bad, and indifferent; ancient, mediæval, and modern; from all sources, climes, and regions; dished up to a jaded public without a hint at order, so as amidst a variety of tastes to leave an absolute taste of nothing—there was an entertainment calculated alike to enchant the sense and invigorate the mind, while at the same time sufficiently rich in variety to content even those epicurean amateurs, who have been nourished from the cradle in intellectual delicacies. For the first time since the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts, singers were not allowed to force upon the audience a number of those trashy songs and ballads which they are paid for singing in public. The attraction was the programme, and not the performers, vocal or instrumental; although the "executive" was for the most part unexceptionable, and in the instance of M. Wieniawski, hardly to be surpassed.

The selection was made out entirely from the works of one composer, and that composer being Mendelssohn, a feeling of monotony was never once engendered. His chamber compositions are so numerous, and embrace so many forms, that at

least a dozen first-rate entertainments of the kind might be constructed from the materials which they furnish. The great pieces on Monday evening were the quintet in B flat (one of the posthumous publications), and the quartet in D, first of the three in the celebrated *Opus 44*. The players in the quintet were M. Wieniawski and Herr Ries (violins), Mr. Doyle and M. Schreurs (violas), Sig. Piatti (violoncello); in the quartet, the same, minus Mr. Doyle. A more admirable performance than that of the quintet has rarely been listened to. That glorious inspiration—which shows how, as Mendelssohn advanced in years, he grew nearer and nearer to Beethoven in breadth and grandeur of style, thinking more of the whole design, and less of those fascinating niceties of detail in which he surpassed every other composer—found congenial interpreters. M. Wieniawski stamped himself at once as a classical violinist of the highest order; and, from what he must have heard in his vicinity, he may perhaps be induced to abandon the idea of bringing over a “competent quartet party” from Paris,¹ satisfied that all France and Germany could not present a better than the one with which he was associated on Monday night. The audience—one of the largest ever congregated in St. James’s Hall—were nothing less than enchanted with the quintet and quartet. So enraptured were they indeed with the latter that (a thing almost unprecedented) they encored the last movement. The concert was long enough, however, without repetitions, and the performers were discreet enough merely to re-appear and bow their acknowledgments. There were other instrumental pieces of less importance, though scarcely less interesting in their way—*e.g.* the early sonata (*Opus 4*), for piano and violin, assigned to Mr. Benedict and M. Wieniawski, and the variations in D, for piano and violoncello, in which Mr. Benedict enjoyed the invaluable co-operation of Sig. Piatti. There were also two organ solos—the prelude and fugue in C Minor, and a fugue from the “Magnificat”—both entrusted to that skilful player, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, of the Temple Church.

The vocal music comprised four songs, two duets, and two quartets (part-songs)—a fragrant bouquet of delicious melodies—equally distributed among Misses Stabbach and Palmer, Messrs. Wilby Cooper and Santley. It is enough to say that they all sang their best, and that the “Nightingale,” one of the sweetest and loveliest of the four-part songs, was encored. Such a concert was worth travelling one hundred miles to enjoy; and we are glad to find that a second, equally promising, is announced for Monday evening, of which the universal Mozart is to be the hero. This is putting the Monday popular concerts to good use, and will help to make of St. James’s Hall a legitimate temple of Art.

ST. MARTIN’S HALL.—Another triumph for high-class music, and another striking exemplification of the advance of public taste in this metropolis, were involved in the third performance (the first this year) of Beethoven’s Choral Symphony, by Mr. Hullah’s First Upper Singing Class, associated with an excellent band, and Misses Martin and Palmer, Messrs. Wilby Cooper and Santley, as solo singers. The three instrumental movements were admirably given—not less so, indeed, than last season, at the Orchestral Concerts instituted by Mr. Hullah, when the execution of this wonderful work extorted praise even from the chancier critics. The choral movements were not quite so satisfactory, although on the whole, their extreme difficulty taken into consideration, perhaps as near the mark as could be expected from such an unstable body as the “First Upper Singing School,” and such quasi-parabolic gyrations as the conductor is in the habit of describing with his *baton*. The quartet of principals were more zealous than successful. Mr. Santley (basso) did best, Mr. Wilby Cooper (tenor) second best, Miss Palmer (contralto) tolerably sure, Miss Martin (soprano) intolerably out of tune. Notwithstanding these slight drawbacks, the performance

generally was fine, and the symphony created a veritable enthusiasm. It was preceded by Professor Bennett’s “May Queen”—received with even more than usual favour. Besides the stereotyped encore to the chorus, with soprano solos, “With the carol in the tree,”—hardly due to the very tame singing, and extremely inappropriate final cadence (by no means well executed) of Miss Banks—a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Santley in the sham Robin Hood’s air, “Tis jolly to hunt.” Mr. Wilby Cooper (Mr. Sims Reeves being still—unfortunately for our winter music-disposed) was the *Lover*, and Miss Palmer the *Queen*. The hall was inconveniently crowded, and a great number of persons were compelled to stand, while many were denied admittance, on the plea of “no more room.”

Who would have dreamed, some thirty years ago, of the Ninth Symphony ever becoming a popular and a paying work?—“a good show,” as Mr. Albert Smith would say? The Philharmonic Society gave Beethoven 100 guineas for the score, and having tried it once and succeeded in murdering it, buried it in the darkest and remotest corner of their library. It was too “cacophonous” for the polite ears of the *quidnuncs* (or rather numbskulls) of that period. M. Moschelles, in 1836, or thereabouts, ferreted it out, dusted it, and made the subscribers swallow it, as a wholesome tonic. A bitter pill some of them found it, and no wonder, for the execution was abominable. Nor was the Philharmonic Society much more successful in 1847, when the symphony was again maltreated under the direction of Mr. Costa, who at that time probably both heard it and heard of it for the first time, and therefore could hardly be expected to know much about it. The man who is now in a measure John Bull’s music master was, to speak plain matter of fact, first taught music (that is, classical music) by John Bull. The more to the credit of the quondam neophyte. Very few would have had the ready wit and supple arm to make themselves acquainted, both spiritually and practically, with a symphony or an oratorio under the pretext of conducting it. And yet this was the case with Mr. (then Sig.) Costa, who merits “a beard of gold” for his energy and quickness of apprehension. We owe him nothing, however, on account of the Ninth Symphony, which, at first a *terra incognita*, has since been always to the brilliant Neopolitan, and Director of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, sort of Sphynx. The first really great performance of this Triton of Symphonies, was given by the New Philharmonic Society, in 1852, under the direction of M. Hector Berlioz, a Frenchman, and, as a musician-simple, quite as much a Sphynx to those who look upon music as an “art divine” as the Choral Symphony to Mr. Costa. M. Berlioz, nevertheless—aberrations apart—was steeped to the soul in Beethoven, and—but can any one have forgotten that performance, who was fortunate enough to hear it? Since then there have been some few more or less successful attempts, among which the three projected by Mr. Hullah, although not to be compared with the New Philharmonic triumph, may justly lay claim to an honourable place. The important fact to be noted, however, is that the most inscrutable as well as the lengthiest of symphonies, has become popular, and draws the great multitude to hear it. What for instance pulled up Mr. Hullah and his “Orchestral Concerts,” last year, after a season so little profitable, that the members of the band (it was a joint-stock speculation) were about to disperse, without having touched a fifth part of their nominal salaries?—what but the Ninth Symphony? And Beethoven, who could not have heard it had he lived till now, did not live long enough to know that it was appreciated.

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—A performance of Mr. Henry Leslie’s *Judith* is announced to take place (together with other attractions) on the 8th of March, for the benefit of the Northern Hospital. From all we can gather, these “benefit” concerts generally resolve themselves into speculations on the part of the hospitals, rather than

anything else; inasmuch as, in case of a deficit, the institutions supported by public benevolence have “to pay the piper.” We may have further comment to make on this subject at a more suitable period.

M. Wieniawski quits us for Paris, just at the moment when his presence among us would have proved most serviceable. He returns, however (as we are informed), in time to play at the Monday Popular Concerts on the “Beethoven night,” which has been postponed for his convenience. Meanwhile, a greater than M. Wieniawski is shortly expected, viz.; Herr Joseph Joachim, who comes armed with a new concerto. Both of these consummate violinists, if rumour speak truly, are about to institute *quartet-sorées* on their own account—Herr Joachim, with a special view to the posthumous quartets of Beethoven. There is every reason to believe that (war or no war) the approaching musical season will be unusually stirring.

The Opera Comique at the St. James’s Theatre has been singularly inactive of late. At first we had a fresh work every third night, but now a fortnight has passed without any novelty to record. Last night, Adolphe Adam’s weak open, *Le Tauréau*, was to be produced, for the benefit of M. Rémy.

At the first “regular” concert of the Amateur Musical Society on Monday night, Mr. Simon Waley played Mozart’s piano forte concerto in C Minor. It is surely injudicious on the part of the amateurs to give concerts during the season, when so much “professional” music is in progress. On Monday night, for instance, instead of hearing themselves play with the overture to *Le Cheval de Bronze*, they might have heard M. Wieniawski play quartets in St. James’s Hall, which if they are, as they profess to be, genuine lovers of the art, would have afforded them much sincerer satisfaction. We may here mention that Mr. Henry Leslie’s Choir held a concert of the ordinary sort at St. Martin’s Hall on Thursday night; that, yesterday evening, there was to be another “practice” of the Handel Commemorative Chorus in Exeter Hall; and that Mademoiselle Catherine Hayes sings for the second time at the Crystal Palace this afternoon. At the Sydenham concert last Saturday, besides a somewhat fidgety performance of the *Eroica* Symphony, there was a very good one of Mendelssohn’s poetical concert-overture, *Meer-stille und glücklich Fährt* (*A calm sea and happy voyage*), which it was a real pleasure to hear.

Operatic rumours are at present so many and so contradictory that it is dangerous to place any faith in them. One thing is certain—that Mr. E. T. Smith is making preparations on a scale almost unprecedented, at least so far as his company is concerned. He is said to have a good understanding with Mr. Lumley, and that Mr. Lumley has made over to him, among other artists, Sig. Giugini. If this be the case, Mr. Smith will have enough to do to keep his principal tenors (Sig. Mongini being the other) on even smiling terms. Mademoiselle Guarducci, too, of whom all Italy and Austria are talking, is reported to be secured this season (the only one at her disposal for some years) to the Drury Lane manager. Meanwhile Mr. Benedict has signed. What Mr. Guy’s views are has not yet transpired, but it is believed that he is not inactive. The negotiations between Lord Ward and a certain hotel-company are for the present broken off; so that the future prospects of Her Majesty’s Theatre are still in a mist. To pass from “Royal Italian” to “Royal English” opera, the *Rose of Castile* was substituted for *Satanella* at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday; and on Tuesday, *Satanella* was substituted for the *Rose of Castile*, Her Majesty the Queen, and a distinguished party honouring the performance on the last occasion with their presence. *Rip van Winkle*, the American opera, is very tardy in making its appearance; and everybody is asking what has become of the young and promising baritone, Mr. Ferdinand Glover. Mr. Loder’s opera, *Raymond and Agnes*, has been declined, after three months’ deliberation, on account of some objection to the book. This is strange, as coming

¹ Such was M. Wieniawski’s advertised intention.

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from a management that found no fault with *The Rose of Castile* and *Satanella!* Meanwhile, there has been a great deal of coqueting about Mr. Macfarren's *Charles II.*, which, however, cannot be produced it appears, because (according to a contemporary) Mdm. Viardot has declined an engagement to play the part of the *Page*. Lastly, Mr. Vincent Wallace, who brought the scores of two or three completed operas with him from America, will in all probability (unless he can emulate M. Meyerbeer, and furnish something considerable towards the expense of "mounting" them) be obliged to take them back again, by an early steamer, to the land of his adoption. However, we have got the *Rose* and we have got *Arimanes*; and when the *Rose* and *Arimanes* want a little rest, *The Bohemian Girl* is always conveniently at hand. Thus does the "goodly edifice," &c.

NEW NOVEL.

Mark Dennis; or, The Engine-Driver. A Tale of the Railway. (Rivingtons.)

"**M**ARK DENNIS" appears to be an early—if not actually the first—publication of a lady, who is introduced to the reading world by the advice and under the sanction of a clergyman. The story is, therefore, as may be concluded, unexceptionable in taste, and of a style of morality which will render it acceptable to all teachers and trainers of the young. Beyond this the design and enterprise of the writer do not aspire; though here and there we trace, or fancy we trace, symptoms of deeper feeling and observation than have ventured to make themselves manifest in these retiring pages. Should the authoress again resolve to appear in print, we would suggest to her to throw more light and shade into her pictures, to break the placid flow of narrative with more incident, and rather to paint her engine-drivers and their wives from the life, than to present tame ideals of good men and women. Such conversations, also, as that at page 142 should be avoided, consisting mainly of "How d'ye do's?" and "Very well, thank you's;" "What's become of Nep?" "Ah! poor fellow! he died." "Really? Poor dog! What did he die of?" "I think it must have been of old age." The reader, athirst for excitement, of course begins to think that the dog has been maliciously poisoned by an immoral character for some occult purpose. Not a bit of it. That is the truth and the whole truth—at p. 20 the dog is found lying across the threshold, basking in the rays of the evening sun, and at p. 142 his fate is recorded as above. That is all. Now, in this incident worth writing, composing, correcting, printing, with notes of interrogation and admiration, and publishing by Messrs. Rivington? Indeed, were this particular page a fair or ordinary specimen of the whole book, we might have doubted the discretion of the clerical friend who suggested the publication. But there is really much more. The death of the hero of the tale, though mournful, has interest enough to stem for long tracts of level writing, and among the causes of the railway accident, vaguely hinted, we observe the conception of motives which might have given a guilty origin to the fatal collision. But from carrying out this idea, with its consequences, the resolution of the writer appears to have shrunk, and at this we need not be surprised. We would further pray the authoress to eschew all aims at supporting small conventional moralities, such as the improvidence of poor people calling their children by the same Christian names as their betters, as though "Amelia" were by some divine right of more aristocratic significance than "Jane." Where is the line to be drawn, as the barber suggests in "Nicholas Nickleby?" Is "Amelia" not to go below bakers? Considering also that there was a Princess "Amelia" not long ago, the name is, by the same reasoning, as far above Mrs. Forster's rank in society, as that estimable lady was inferior to Mrs. Dennis. We hope, however, to go after the author of "Mark Dennis" engaged hereafter upon some more important points of social improvement, and adhering to a closer delineation of the life and manners of the upper working class of society, which seems to have engaged (and most worthily so) her sympathy and attention.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Healing Art, the Right Hand of the Church. By Therapeutes. (Edinburgh, Sutherland; London, Simpkin & Co.) The design of this strange book, which the author has thought fit to dedicate partly to Sir Culling Eardley, as President of the Evangelical Alliance, is beyond question a bold and a good one. Therapeutes has found doctors too material, and ministers of religion too spiritual, to bear in mind that dualism is the character of our Lord, which made Him at once Teacher and Physician. He would have it recognised and remembered that the Divine hand was laid at once on the moral and on the physical side of our nature, thus practically regarding the essential integrity of man. *En Jesus Christ toutes les contradictions sont accordées.* The author rightly supposes that if this principle of action were kept more prominently in view, an untold amount of new vitality would be infused into existing ecclesiastical machinery, and the Church might be raised to a higher place among the agencies which are operating on and moulding the destiny of the masses of humanity. The essay itself consists of seven chapters, entering largely into the history of medicine before the time of Christ, the "New Testament Healings," and the "Relations between Christianity and Medicine." But the value of the book is very much increased by an Appendix of Notes, fifty in number, from Note A to Note Z, and then from Note A A to Z Z. All sorts of authors are quoted on miscellaneous matter connected with the subject. Thus we have Moir on "Egyptian Medicine," Colquhoun on the "Sanative Power of the Human Hand," and Trench and others on the "Medicinal Use of Saliva." But we have said enough. The book is curious, and worth reading; and it is easy to forgive Therapeutes the bad stopping of his numerous Latin quotations.

Thoughts on the Policy of the Crown towards India. By John Malcolm Ludlow. (Ridgway.) A considerable portion of this work has appeared in a provincial paper, but it will be found worthy of wider notice than it could possibly obtain there for the comprehensive views which it discloses of Indian policy. It is published at an opportune period, and in the present discussions upon the financial and material condition of India, we have no doubt it will be referred to as showing the opinions of a thoughtful mind anxious that the country should be governed upon a just and righteous system. Mr. Ludlow warmly approves of the spirit of the Proclamation of the Queen's Sovereignty; but this does not prevent him from offering many suggestions of practical value, which appear to us well deserving of consideration by the Home Government.

Concise History of England in Epochs. By J. Fraser Corkran, Esq. (Edinburgh, Constable & Co.) Our history is here divided into ten epochs, and the principal events of each period are clearly if not fully related. The principal feature in the work is the attention paid to the progress of the law and the constitution, without however neglecting events in which the martial qualities of our ancestors were conspicuous in their effects upon the external position of the nation. The book is intended for the senior classes of schools and the junior students of training colleges.

Dod's Parliamentary Companion for 1859. (Whittaker & Co.) The annual volume of "DOD" may be looked for with as much certainty at the opening of Parliament as the Queen's Speech; and here it is, at the right moment, telling us all we want to know politically concerning our representatives in both Houses. The principles of each member are designated in most cases in the exact words of the member himself. We might form a curious abstract of the wide generalities used by Hon. Gentlemen to explain their politics. Some of

them are very models of elasticity. In that respect they are really signs of the times, and they are judiciously introduced.

Russia, by a Recent Traveller. (W. F. Graham.) This is a reprint of a series of letters originally published in the *Continental Review*. They afford the latest reliable information of the social and political condition of the Russian empire, and competent travellers have pronounced them thoroughly trustworthy.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., have issued another volume of *The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction*. We know no better or safer work for young people. The same publishers have sent *Urica: a Story for a Sunday Afternoon*, a book which will at once engage the interest of children, and assist in guiding them in the way they ought to go. Mr. D. Kavanagh, of University College, has published *A New English Grammar* (Dolman), and Mr. S. M. Thelwall, *The Syllabic Primer and Reading Book* (Wertheim & Co.),—both useful educational adjuncts. We have also received Mrs. Gore's *Temptation and Atonement*, published by Knight & Son, *Helena Bertram*, an interesting tale for the young, published by Routledge & Co.; and *Prevarication*, a moral story for youth, from Messrs. Tegg & Co.

Among the pamphlets we have received, one of the first that claims acknowledgment is Mr. Willrich's annual supplement for 1859 to his valuable series of *Tithe Commutation Tables*, the fourth edition of which is about to appear. These tables show at sight the corn rent in bushels of wheat, barley, and oats, with a great body of calculations, of constant use to the actuary and valuer. We have also received Mr. F. H. Fowler's *Facts and Fallacies relative to the Main Drainage Scheme of the Metropolitan Board of Works*, published by Stanford. He alleges that the scheme is fallacious, dangerous, and ruinous, and that the present ratepayers are unjustly charged with its cost. If the latter proposition proves well-founded, we shall soon hear of it; meanwhile, serious complaints are unquestionably being made of it, though they have not yet found general expression. Mr. G. Vere Irving has published in a separate form, his learned paper on *Treasure Trove*, which was read before the British Archeological Association on the 26th of January last. The subject of *Cotton Supply* has induced Mr. J. B. Smith, M.P., to address a public letter upon it to Mr. J. Cheetham, M.P., Chairman of the Cotton Supply Association, which will be found to combine sound political economy and a perfect acquaintance with the real obstructions in the path of the Lancashire spinners. Messrs. Partridge and Co. send *The Politics of Temperance*, a monthly series of tracts published on behalf of the "United Kingdom Alliance." The two numbers before us are for January and February, the first on "Principles and Policy," and the other "The History of the Struggle in Maine." We have also received many poems on the Burns' Centenary—too many to acknowledge in detail, all conceived in the true spirit of hero-worship.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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- Alnwick (W. H.), *Ballads, Romantic and Humorous*, 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s.
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ELECTRO-PLATING ENGRAVED COPPER-PLATES.

SIR,—It is a tolerably well-known fact among those conversant with electro-metallurgy, as applied to printing purposes, that engraved copper-plates have, since many years, been coated with silver and gold, for the purpose of protecting the plates from wear while being printed. In a letter from M. Joubert, published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, of the 11th instant, it is stated by that gentleman that the process of covering engraved copper-plates with zinc (as described by me) is an imitation of his process of covering similar plates with iron. Might I not, in equal fairness, challenge M. Joubert's process to be also, in the same sense, a copied idea? Assuredly; but to do so would be neither fair nor liberal.

The fact is that in this, as in most matters of a similar kind, adaptation is mistaken for invention. M. Joubert has undoubtedly by his *acquired* process greatly improved the practical means of a system already sufficiently well known to *practical men*; but I conceive that it is as great a mistake to ascribe to M. Joubert or to M. Henri Garnier, of Paris, the full honour of an original invention, as it is for M. Joubert to call my zinc process an imitation of his *Acierage*, which it is not.

Besides gold and silver, zinc and iron are not the only metals which can be used for coating engraved plates. Nickel and palladium furnish beautifully polished deposits, capable of printing a greater number of impressions than I have given for zinc; while platinum, harder than either, can now be deposited in a bright state, and gives, as also in the case of nickel and palladium, a finer, and (to use a technical term) *kinder* printing surface than any other metal. For this reason, either of the three may be advantageously used in preference to iron or other metals, for the finest art-engraved copper-plates; and I state this especially, in anticipation of the practicability of producing daguerreotype plates for printing purposes.

With reference to the question of cost, experience has proved that nickel and platinum may be deposited at the rate of less than one penny, and palladium twopence, per square inch. If ordinary care is observed in the preparation of the solutions, and in the manipulation, little trouble is necessary to verify these statements.

With regard to M. Joubert's comparison of the respective merits of the two modes,—that of iron-facing with that of zinc-facing, which latter I communicated,—I can only say, in conclusion, that for all practical purposes zinc-facing, producible at an insignificant cost, and yielding 2000 impressions from each coating, cannot be regarded otherwise than an important addition to the application of electro-metallurgy to printing purposes.

HENRY BRADBURY.

Whitefriars, February 18, 1850.

A Russian club is to be formed in London. A great number of the Russian nobility are expected this season, and it is said to be quite certain that the Emperor will come.

MISCELLANEA.

THE negotiations between England and Austria relative to the construction of an electric telegraph from Ragusa to Alexandria have terminated, and a convention concluded on the subject. Austria undertakes to lay cables between Ragusa, Corfu, Zante, Candia, and Alexandria; that is, to lay one cable containing three electric wires between each of the places mentioned. The estimated outlay being 500,000£, England agrees to guarantee, for a period of twenty-five years, one-half of an interest of 6 per cent. on that sum.

The Faculty of Medicine of the University of Jena (in which Humboldt and Schiller were educated), on the occasion of its jubilee of 300 years, have conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine on Sir David Brewster and others, on the ground of their having contributed to the advancement of the sciences auxiliary to that of medicine.

A Turin correspondent, writing on Monday, says:—"An event to which the frequenters of the Theatre Royal, the first and most fashionable theatre in Turin, have for some time been looking forward with much interest is expected to come off in the course of this week. I refer to the *début* of Miss Victoria Balf in the *Sonnambula*. The heroine of that charming opera will, it is expected, find a no less charming representative in our English nightingale, who seems a favourite by anticipation. In the course of her engagement, which extends, I believe, to the end of March, Miss Balf will also sing the part of *Zerlina*, in the ever-delightful *Don Giovanni*. Madame Ristori commences in a few days a short series of performances at the Carignano Theatre."

The Théâtre du Cirque at St. Petersburg has been destroyed by fire. Nothing remains of this splendid building but the bare walls. The theatre was originally intended for equestrian performances, but soon became devoted to the Russian operas and to German comedies. There had been a *bal masqué* in the building, as on the occasion of the fire at Covent Garden, but when the masqueraders left at four o'clock in the morning, no signs of fire or smoke were visible. An hour afterwards the roof fell in—one body of flame. All the costumes, the scores of the operas, and the instruments of the musicians were destroyed.

EXPLORATION OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Three exploring parties have been out in South Australia, and their reports all agree in announcing the discovery of a valuable pastoral region to the west of Lake Torrens. The first to make the announcement was Mr. Stuart, a private gentleman. He has been rewarded by the promise of a lease of a considerable portion of the country discovered by him. The regular exploring party sent out by the Government under the leadership of Mr. Babbage, took nearly the same direction that Mr. Stuart had done. Some misunderstanding, which requires explanation, led the Government to send another expedition, under Major Warburton, to recall and supersede Mr. Babbage; and that gentleman, without waiting for what he anticipated, plunged into the bush, and Major Warburton followed him up, without being able to catch him until the objects of the expedition had been attained. The result had been so far satisfactory that the testimony as to the good character of the new country has been well corroborated. The discovery, valuable as it is in itself, is still more so in so far as it strengthens the hope that the interior is not such a terrific desert as former explorers had found reason to believe. While these land journeys had been made to the westward, Captain Cadell, the pioneer of inland navigation, has been extending his acquaintance with the channels of the great river system of the Murray and Murrumbidgee. Captain Cadell has actually steamed over no less than 2500 miles of these inland waters, having recently gone 800 miles up the Murrumbidgee to Gundagai, besides traversing the Wakool—an ana-branch of the main stream—to a distance of 50 miles. There still remain about

1150 miles on the Darling, the Wakool, and the Edward, which are capable, after an outlay of a few thousand pounds, of being opened for traffic; so that in another year or two there will be between 3500 and 4000 miles of uninterrupted inland navigation, opening up new fields of enterprise and settlement.—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette*.

A letter from Cannes, of the 2nd inst., says:—"Were the men of England, France, and Germany called upon to elect three representatives who should personify high mental power, wisdom, pure philanthropy and patriotism, their choice could not possibly fall upon more worthy objects than on the three distinguished men whom circumstances have brought together in this pretty town. I speak of Henry, Lord Brougham, who radiantly stares time out of countenance; of Alexis de Tocqueville, laid low by disease, but daily parrying the assault of the fatal scythe; of the Chevalier de Bunsen, who has deserted his favourite retreat and abandoned his beloved occupations in order to bestow his entire attention and affectionate care on the stricken friend."

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